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MY LOST DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Thou too art gone, my child—a lovely bud
Is shaken from the rose-tree of our hopes;
But yet we should not mourn. 'Tis joy to know
That thou hast gone in thy young innocence,
And purity, and beauty from a dark
Ungentle world, where many snares beset
The path of womanhood. 'Tis joy to know
That the Æolian lyre of thy young soul
Gives out its music in the Eden clime,
Unvisited by earth's cold, bitter winds,
Its poison-dews, its fogs, its winter-rains,
Its tempests and its lightnings.
My sweet child,
Thou art no more a blossom of the earth,
But the dear thought of thee is yet a spell
On our sad spirits. 'Tis a lovely flower
On memory's lonely stream, a holy star
In retrospection's sky, a rainbow-gleam
Upon the tempest clouds of life. Our hearts,
Our stricken hearts, lean to thee, and oh thus
They lean to Heaven, for thou art there. Yes, thou
And thy young brother are in Heaven, while we
Are lingering on the earth's cold desert. Come,
Ye two sweet cherubs of God's Paradise,
Who wander side by side and hand in hand
Among the amaranthine flowers that bloom
Beside the living waters—come, oh come
Sometimes upon your bright and snowy wings
In the deep watches of the silent night,
And breathe into our souls the holy words
That ye have heard the angels speak in Heaven.

* * *

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis sure some dream, some vision wild!
What, *I*, of rank and wealth the child,
Am *I* the wretch that bears this shame,
Deprived of freedom, friends and fame?"

The chamber in which Lady Leaton had died, and where Eudora was imprisoned, had, in the olden time, been the abbot's apartment. It was a vast, dark, gloomy room, now dimly lighted by a lamp that stood upon the mantelshelf.

For a long time after Malcolm Montrose, Dr. Watkins, and the constables had withdrawn from the chamber, Eudora remained, crushed back in the depths of the large chair, with her head bowed upon her bosom, her black ringlets falling forward, and half veiling her beautiful dark face, her left hand, that Malcolm had resigned, falling listlessly down by her side, and her right hand still clasped in that of Tabitha, who continued to stand by her side. No word was spoken between them as yet. Eudora was buried in profound, agonizing and bewildering thought, such as always overwhelms the sensitive victim of any sudden and crushing misfortune. The shock of the thunderbolt that had just fallen upon her, devastating her inner life, and leaving the outer so still, and black, and threatening; the vast, dark, sombre room; the dead silence around her—all combined to shake her reason to its centre. In the confusion wrought among nerves, head and brain by this inner storm of sensation, thought and suffering, she was fast losing confidence in Heaven, trust in the reality of external circumstances, and even faith in her own identity.

Sddenly she threw herself forward, and tightened her clasp upon Tabitha's hand, with convulsive tone exclaiming:

"Wake me! wake me, Tabitha! I have the nightmare, and cannot rouse myself. Oh, wake me! wake me, for the love of Heaven!"

Tabitha, whom respect for her mistress's sorrow had hitherto kept silent, now became alarmed for her sanity.

Bending over her with an almost reverential tenderness, she whispered:

"Dear young lady, try to be composed and collect your thoughts, and remember yourself."

"Oh, Heaven! I remember too well! too well!" cried Eudora, in a piercing voice, dropping her face into her hands, and shuddering through her whole frame. "It is no horrible illusion! It is an awful reality! My aunt and cousin are really dead, and I am arrested upon the charge of poisoning them! Oh, horrible! most horrible! Oh, I shall go mad! I shall go mad!" she exclaimed, starting from her chair, casting up her arms, and throwing herself forward upon the floor.

For a moment Tabitha gazed in dismay upon this exhibition of violent emotion in one whom she loved and honored almost to adoration, and then kneeling down beside her, she gently put her arms around her waist to raise her up, whispering, in a low, respectful voice:

"Dear young lady, try to recollect yourself, your dignity, your rank, and, above all, your innocence, and put your trust in God!"

Put your trust in God. It was the best advice the simple country-girl could give, but the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have given any better

Eudora suffered herself to be lifted up and replaced in the deep chair, into which she sank helplessly, and where she remained, with her head propped upon her breast, and her arms fallen upon her lap, in the stupor of despair to which the violence of her anguish had yielded.

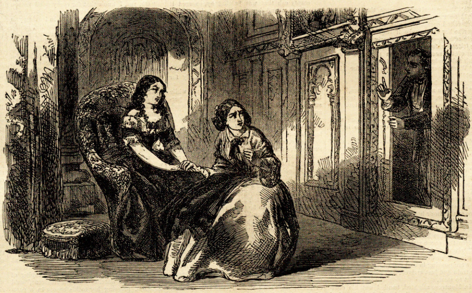
Tabitha kneeled at her feet, took her hands, and gazing pleadingly up into her face, said:

"Dear Miss Eudora, look up and hope; all is not lost that is in danger! Have faith in Him who delivered the three innocent children from the fires of the furnace seven times heated. Come, now, let me undress you and help you to bed."

"Into that bed—into that bed whence *her* corpse has just been removed? Oh, never, never! Besides, I could not sleep with the prospect of to-morrow before me, when I shall be taken to the common gaol! How could I sleep? I shall never sleep again! Good girl, leave me to my own thoughts," said Eudora, with a trembling voice and quivering face.

Tabitha spoke no more, but drawing a footstool, she sat down at her mistress's feet, and silently held one of her listless hands.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]



AN UNLOOKED-FOR VISITOR.

Some time they sat thus: the heavy minutes seemed drawn out to the length of hours. The house was still as death, and the mantel clock was on the stroke of eleven, when the quick ears of Tabitha caught a slight, cautious, grating sound in the wainscoted wall on the left of the fireplace. She raised her head, and turned her eyes quickly in the direction of the sound, and with a half suppressed shriek and a throbbing heart, she saw one of the oak panels slide away, and an anxious face and a warning hand appear at the opening.

The smothered cry of her woman had attracted Eudora's attention; and with the apathy of one plunged so deeply in wretchedness as to fear no farther evil, the unhappy girl followed, with her listless glance, the frightened gaze of her attendant.

At this moment the hand at the opening was extended in an encouraging gesture, and a familiar voice murmured, quickly and softly:

"Hist! hist, Tabitha! Don't be afraid! It is I."

And the next instant the man came through the opening, and Malcolm Montrose stood within the room. He extended his hand in a warning manner as he approached, saying:

"Hist—hist! for Heaven's love, control yourselves! be composed, and all will be well!"

By this time he stood before the mistress and the maid, who gazed upon him in astonishment indeed, but not in alarm.

"Let us speak in whispers, and then, thanks to the thickness of these walls and doors, we shall not be heard by the policemen on guard. Listen—there are bolts on this side of the chamber doors. Are they drawn fast?"

"No, sir," replied Tabitha, in a hushed voice.

With a sign that they should remain silent and motionless, Malcolm glided on tip-toe, first to one door and then to the other, and cautiously slid the bolts into their sockets, making them both as fast on the inside as they were on the outside.

He then returned to the side of Eudora, and stood for a moment listening intently, and then, apparently satisfied that all was well, he murmured:

"Peace be with the worthy king or bishop who built these walls so solidly! The sentinels without have heard nothing."

Then turning to the curious, anxious, and expectant waiting-maid, he whispered:

"Tabitha, my good girl, I can depend upon you to aid me in freeing your young lady?"

"Depend upon me? Oh, sir, don't you know and doesn't she know that I would throw myself between her and all that threatens her, and meet it in her stead, if so be I could?" said the brave and devoted girl, in a vehement whisper.

"Indeed it will be but little less than that which will be required of you, my good Tabitha."

"Don't doubt me, sir, but try me!" said the young woman, stoutly.

"Well, then, Tabitha, you will have first to prepare your young lady for a hasty journey—thanks to the secret passage leading from the abbot's apartments—to the ruins of the neighboring nunnery, which scandal declares to have been once put to a less worthy use. I have been able to provide the means for her escape. But you, my good girl, will have to remain here to cover her retreat, to face those who will come to seek her in the morning, and to withstand all questions as to how or with whom she left her prison. Are you firm enough for the duty, Tabitha?"

"Let 'em try me, that's all, sir; and if they don't find out as they're met with their match this time, I'm not a woman, but a muff. They may send me to prison, or they may hang me if they like. But I defy them to make me speak when I don't want to speak!"

"They can do you no real harm, my girl, be sure of that. They would only threaten and frighten you at most."

"Frighten who? Lawks, sir, you don't know me; I aint made of frightenable stuff. But, sir, how we talk; won't they know at once that my young lady got off through that secret passage of which you speak?"

"No; for its very existence is unknown or forgotten. It was only accident that discovered it to me some years ago, when I was delving among the ruins of the convent, and found in one of the cellars its other terminus. I entered it to thread its mazes; I should have been smothered but for the many crooked crevices in its rocky roof that let in the air. I found that it led to a steep, narrow staircase; ascending it, I found myself opposite a panel, the character of which I could see by means of the narrow lines of light around its old and shrunken frame, light that evidently came from the opposite side. Curiosity got the better of discretion, and I worked away at the panel and slipped it aside, when, to my dismay, I found myself looking in upon the privacy of Lady Leaton's sleeping-chamber, which was fortunately then empty. It was this, which was in the olden time the apartment of the abbot. I was but a boy then, and being frightened at what I had done, I hastily replaced the panel and retreated, and never mentioned my adventure to any one. Afterwards, consulting the guide-book, I found that there was a mere tradition of a secret passage leading from the Abbey to the Convent, which scandal asserted to have been used by the master here when going to rendezvous with some fair nun; but of the precise locality of this secret passage, or even of its actual existence, the book did not pretend to speak with authority. Once I mentioned the tradition to my uncle and aunt, but they disregarded it as mere romance, and I kept my own counsel, and deferred the mention of my discovery to some future occasion. But to-night I have turned my knowledge of the secret passage to some account; to-night, once more I have threaded its mazes, and find myself in this chamber. I shall conduct Miss Leaton through this passage to the other outlet in the cellars of the ruined convent; there I have a chaise to carry her off. Farther than this, I need not tell you. And I have told you thus much, first, because I believe you fully worthy of the confidence, and secondly, that being possessed of the real facts, you may be on your guard against cross-questioning as well as against threats, and so be able to baffle inquiry as well as to withstand browbeating," said Malcolm Montrose.

"Oh, never you fear me, sir; I will never give Miss Leaton's enemies the satisfaction of knowing as much as I know," said Tabitha, firmly.

The young man had addressed himself first to the maid, not only to secure her immediate sympathy and co-operation, but also to afford Miss Leaton time to recover from her surprise, compose her spirits, and collect her thoughts.

Now he turned to Eudora, who had been much agitated by the infusion of new hope into her despair, but who now controlling herself, sat quietly, though intently listening, and addressing her with reverential tenderness, he said:

"And now, dearest Eudora, rouse yourself; collect all your energies, and prepare for your immediate flight."

She looked at him intently for a moment, and then, in a faltering voice, said:

"But oh, is it right? Ought I, who am as innocent as a child of that which they charge me with, ought I, like a guilty creature, to fly from justice? Think of it well, and then answer me, for I can rely upon your wisdom as well as upon your honor."

"Eudora," said the young man, in a solemn voice, "it is not from *justice* that I counsel you to fly, for you are innocent, as you say, and the innocent have nothing to fear from justice; if there was the shadow of a hope that you would meet justice, my tongue should be the last to advise, my hand the last to assist your escape. No, Eudora, it is not from *justice*, but from the cruellest injustice—from murder, from martyrdom—that I would snatch you!"

"Yet still, think once more. You grant that I am innocent. Conscious of that innocence, ought I not to have courage enough to meet the trial, and faith enough to trust in God for deliverance?" inquired the girl, gravely.

"Trust in God, by all means, through all things, and to any extent; but exercise that trust by wisely embracing the means He has provided for your escape rather than by madly remaining to meet swift and certain destruction."

"But yet—but yet it seems weak and wrong for the innocent to fly like the guilty!" said Eudora, hesitatingly.

"Does it? Then I will give you Scripture warrant and example for the course! When Herod sent forth and slew the infants in Galilee, did the parents of the child Jesus tarry in Bethlehem because he was innocent and even Divine? No; warned by the angel, they fled into Egypt. In after years, when Jesus went about preaching and teaching through Jerusalem, and when the high priests sought Him to kill Him, did He tarry in deadly peril because He was innocent, holy, and Divine? No! He withdrew into the Mount of Olives, or entered a ship, and put off from the land, because His hour had not yet come! Oh, Eudora! it is not faith but presumption that tempts you to remain and face sure and sudden ruin," urged the young man, in impassioned earnestness, while he gazed in an agony of anxiety upon her countenance.

Eudora shuddered through her whole frame, but remained silent.

"Oh, Heaven, Eudora!" he continued, "why do you still hesitate? Must I set the truth before you in all its ghastly realities? I must, I must, for time presses, and the danger is imminent! Listen, most unhappy girl! You are here a prisoner, charged with the most atrocious crime that ever cursed humanity; that charge is supported by a mass of evidence that would crush an archangel! To-morrow morning you will be removed from this room to the common gaol. Next week the assizes will be held; you will be brought to trial; you will be overwhelmed beneath an avalanche of evidence! and then—oh, Heaven, Eudora! but two short weeks will elapse between the sentence of the judge and the execution of the prisoner! In less than one little month from this you will be murdered—martyred!" exclaimed the young man in thrilling, vehement, impassioned whispers, while the agitation of his whole frame, and the perspiration that streamed from his flushed brow, exhibited the agony of his anxiety.

With a smothered shriek, the unhappy girl fell back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, as though to shut out the scene of horror that had been called up before her imagination.

"Fly, Eudora! fly at once! fly with me, and I will place you in safety, where you may remain until Providence shall bring the truth to light, the guilty to justice, and your innocence to a perfect vindication! Fly! fly, Eudora! It would be madness to stay!"

"I will! I will fly!" she exclaimed, in a hurried whisper, as she started up.

Tabitha snatched up the black bonnet and shawl that had been brought in on the preceding evening for a far different purpose, and hastily assisted her mistress to put them on. She tied the little bonnet-strings under her chin, and tied the black crape veil over her face. Then she wrapped the shawl carefully around her form, doubling its folds twice over her chest to protect it from the chill of the night air, for Eudora's Asiatic temperament would ill bear exposure in this climate of cold mists, and pronounced her ready for her journey.

As Malcolm looked anxiously upon her, he saw that her simple, plain dress of deep mourning was admirably well calculated for her escape and her journey, for it revealed nothing of her social position, since the wearer of such a dress might be the daughter of a tradesman or the child of an earl.

"And now, my good girl, we must take leave of you at once. Remember that no one can harm you; therefore be firm in refusing to give any clue to the manner of Miss Leaton's escape," said Malcolm Montrose, shaking hands with the faithful attendant.

"Never you doubt, sir; they shall draw me apart with wild horses before they draw any information from me," said Tabitha, firmly.

"Good-bye, dear girl; I hope, and trust, and pray that you may come to no evil through your devotion to me," said Eudora, kissing her humble friend.

"Never you fear, Miss; if anybody comes to grief in this chase, it won't be her as is hunted, but them as hunts, which is as much as to say it won't be Tabitha Tabs!" said the latter, valiantly.

After once more pressing the hand of her faithful maid, Eudora followed Malcolm through the secret opening, leaving the brave Tabitha alone in the chamber.

CHAPTER VII.

"Fly, lady, fly before the wind!
The moor is wild and waste,
The hound of blood is close behind,
Haste! gentle lady, haste!"

After closing the sliding panel behind him, and carefully adjusting it in its place, Malcolm took the hand of his companion to guide her down the narrow, steep and dangerous steps that led to the secret passage. This caution was the more needful, as it was so dark that only Malcolm's previous knowledge of the passage enabled him to feel his own way and guide his companion through it.

Something like an hundred perpendicular steps brought them down to a low and narrow archway, not unlike the entrance to a rudely constructed tunnel.

Although it was still quite dark, and Malcolm, drawing his companion after him, was obliged to grope his way along this tunnel, yet occasional sharp drafts of wind proved that there existed certain irregular crevices in the rocks overhead that in the daytime admitted a little light as well air, although their winding or crooked formation might prevent anyone on the ground above seeing or suspecting the existence of the subterranean passage beneath their feet. As this tunnel took nearly a straight line to the old nunnery, a walk of about ten minutes brought Malcolm and Eudora to the other terminus that admitted them to the lower cellars under the ruins.

When they had emerged from the tunnel into these cellars, Malcolm paused and carefully collected bricks, stones, and other fallen portions of the building, with which he choked up and concealed the narrow opening.

Then taking the hand of Eudora, he led her from the cellars up into the outer air.

Here, in the ruined chapel, they found the pony-chaise fastened to a young oak-tree that grew within what had once been the grand altar of the chapel of the convent.

He led the horse out to the road, and then returned and conducted Eudora to the chaise, placed her in it, took the seat by her side, and drove rapidly off. A drive of ten minutes brought them to a rural railway station.

Up to this time no word had been spoken beween them, so intense had been the anxiety of both. But now, when he had alighted, and fastened his horse to a tree, and came to the chaise to hand her out, he whispered:

"Draw down your veil, Eudora, and keep it down."

She silently obeyed, and he handed her out and led her into the office of the station.

"Two first-class tickets to London," he said to the clerk behind the little office-windows.

They were supplied to him.

"When does the London train pass here?" he next inquired.

"In half an hour, sir."

"That will do," replied Mr. Montrose. Then, drawing the arm of Eudora within his own, he conducted her to the waiting-room.

It was empty.

"Remain here, dearest Eudora, until I return. I shall be back in twenty minutes. It is not likely that any one will come in here during my absence, as very few first-class lady passengers take the train at this station at this hour; nevertheless, keep your veil down," said Malcolm, as he placed her in a chair in a dark corner of the room. He then pressed her hand, left her, and hurried out to the place where he had left the pony-chaise.

He unhitched the horse, mounted the driver's seat, and drove madly off towards Allworth. So fiercely he drove that in ten minutes he reached the stables, and returned the horse bathed in sweat and covered with foam to his stall. He replaced the chaise in the carriage-house, and then set off in a run toward the railway-station. He could not run quite so fast as a horse could gallop, and so the distance accomplished by the pony in ten minutes occupied him fifteen.

It wanted, therefore, but about five minutes to the passing of the train when he rejoined Eudora in the waiting-room.

Besides Eudora, he found two gentlemen and one lady in the same room. They seemed, also, to belong to the same party, for they walked and talked together; and the subject of their conversation was that which then formed to topic of the whole neighborhood, and which was destined soon to form the topic of the whole kingdom—the tragedy of Allworth Abbey!

"They say," observed the lady, "that it is incontrovertably proved that this Asiatic girl, Eudora Leaton, was the poisoner, and that her motive was the inheritance of the estate. One can scarcely believe in such depravity in one so young as this girl is represented to be."

"Crime is of no age or sex, madam; and from all that we can hear, it seems abundantly proved that this young girl actually *did* poison the whole family," replied the old gentleman addressed, whom Malcolm now, with extreme anxiety, recognized as neighbor, Admiral Brunton, of the Anchorage, near Abbeytown.

"Good Heaven, what a fiend she must be! But she is young, beautiful, high-born, and very accomplished. Do you think that if she is convicted they will really hang her?"

"Hang her? Yes; the young demon! They will hang her as surely as they did Palmer. English juries have no mercy on the secret poisoner. And the fact of this one being a young, beautiful, and high-born girl, only makes her crime the more unnatural and monstrous!"

"But, admiral, it is hard to believe that so lovely a creature could be such a monster," said the lady.

"Bah! bah! madam; you have not read history, or you have forgotten it. Remember the Countess of Essex, Madame Brinvilliers, Lucretia Borgia, Mary Stuart, and many other young, beautiful, and high-born devils. Human nature is the same in all ages and countries. The youth, beauty, and high birth of this young Asiatic fiend will no more save her from the gallows than the same sort of charms saved Brinvilliers or Mary Stuart from the block!" replied the old gentleman, savagely.

Shudder after shudder passed over the frame of the unfortunate subject of these severe remarks, as she sat an unsuspected hearer of the conversation.

Malcolm, standing by her side, with his back to the speakers, could only seek to sustain her courage by an earnest pressure of her hand. It was but an ordeal of five minutes, and then the shrill whistle of the advancing train warned all the passengers to hurry to the platform.

The conversing party dropped their interesting subject, and hastened away.

Malcolm drawing Eudora's arm within his own, hurried after them.

When they arrived upon the platform the train had stopped, and the engine was noisily puffing and blowing like a short-winded alderman out of breath after a run.

Passengers were hurrying into the various carriages.

"Can we have a *coupé?*" inquired Malcolm, slipping a crown into the hands of one of the guards.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered that functionary, opening a door, and admitting the fugitives into the desired privacy.

"Sweethearts!" he muttered to himself, as he locked the door and pocketed the crown.

The train started, and Malcolm and Eudora, finding themselves alone in the *coupé*, looked in each other's faces wistfully.

"Oh, Malcolm," said Eudora, "how terrible it is to be so wronged and hated, and by one's old family friends, too! Did you hear old Admiral Brunton, how he spoke of me? Ah! little did he think how near at hand I was to hear him."

"Yes, dear Eudora, I heard him. His remarks were valuable, only to show how right you are to fly until this storm shall pass," replied the young man.

"But to be wronged and hated so, Malcolm, and by my uncle's old friends! Oh! it is very, very cruel!"

"You must bear up under it bravely, dear love. The time will come when your innocence will be proved, and then those very friends who wrong you by their suspicions now will bitterly repent their injustice, and will love and esteem you more than ever before," answered the young man, encouragingly.

The train rattled on. It was the express, and stopped at no other station between Abbeytown and London, where it was expected to arrive at five o'clock in the morning.

Malcolm and Eudora sank back in their seats, and fell into silence.

Eudora relapsed into despair, and Malcolm sank into thought. He had taken her from confinement and immediate danger, but not perhaps from quick pursuit and re-arrest. In the plan of her instant deliverance his decision and his action had necessarily been so prompt and rapid, that no time had been left him to determine upon any fixed place of refuge for the fugitive. His only general idea had been to fly with her, and conceal her in the multitudinous wilderness of London, until he could arrage for her escape to the Continent. He wished above all things to make her his own by marriage as soon as they should reach the city; but he knew that to do so would expose her to certain discovery. He felt therefore obliged to defer this purpose until he could escape with her to the Continent.

To attempt to take her from England immediately he knew would be to expose her to the certainty of arrest. For, according to the usual practice, as soon as her escape should be discovered, which it must inevitably be in a few hours, telegrams he knew would be dispatched to the police of every sea-port to anticipate her arrival and to intercept her passage.

To hide her, therefore, in the crowds of London until the first heat of the pursuit should be over, then to escape with her to some foreign country, and there unite his fate with hers for good or ill forever—and then wait patiently until Providence should bring the truth to light, by discovering the guilty and vindicating her innocence—seemed the only plan that promised any success.

But where in London should he leave her?" It must be in a part of the town far distant from the terminus of the Great Northern Railway; it must be in a thickly-populated neighborhood, where the presence even of a remarkable stranger should not attract the slightest notice; it must be in lodgings over some small busy shop, where the people should be too much occupied with their own concerns to pry into those of others.

After much close thought, Malcolm fixed upon the Borough as the neighborhood of their destination. Lodgings of the description he wished to find for Eudora were not scarce in that locality.

Having settled this point to his satisfaction, the next thing to be considered was under what name and character, and with what pretext, he should leave her in her destined lodgings. To introduce her by her real name would be certain destruction, since, before another twenty-four hours, that name—connected with a horrible crime—would be widely blown over England. To pass her under an assumed name, though the extreme exigency of the circumstances might almost seem to justify the deception, was an idea abhorrent to his truthful, honorable, and high-toned nature. The longer he thought of this difficulty the more insurmountable it seemed. Occupied with this problem, which anyone of less delicate scruples would have quickly solved, Malcolm did not once speak again to his companion, even to attempt to rouse her from the fit of despondency into which she had again fallen.

Meantime the train flew over the sterile heaths of Yorkshire, and in due time entered the more cultivated country nearer the great metropolis.

At last, rousing himself desperately, he said to his companion:

"Eudora, dearest, have you any middle name?"

"Yes; I was christened Eudora Milnes; but I never use my middle name, and, indeed, never did; it is quite a dead letter," replied the girl, in surprise at the question.

"So much the better. I cannot endure the idea of your passing under a fictitious name, and yet you must not be known as Eudora Leaton. I shall therefore call you Miss Milnes; do not forget it. And if your other name is marked upon any of your clothing, do not fail to cut it out, lest it should meet the eye of your laundress. As you bring no clothing with you, you will have to procure a small supply from some outfitter, and be sure to order them marked 'E. Milnes.' They will think the 'E' stands for Emily, or Eliza, or some such common name. Dear girl, I trust these precautions will not long be needful," said Malcolm, endeavoring to infuse into her heart a hope that he himself was far from feeling.

The train flew onward, and soon the lights of London were seen to the southward before them.

Day was dawning when the train arrived at the King's-cross station.

"Now, my dearest Eudora, you must trust yourself entirely to me, believing that I will do all that is best for your safety," said Malcolm, as the train stopped.

"I am sure that you will, my best and only friend; besides, who in the world have I now to trust in but yourself?" said Eudora, in deep emotion.

"You shall never regret the confidence you place in me, Eudora," replied Malcolm, earnestly.

At this moment the guard opened the door. He was the same man who had put them into the *coupé* at the Abbeytown Station; and in grateful remembrance of the crown-piece given him by Mr. Montrose, he now politely inquired if the gentleman wanted a cab, and offered to call one.

Malcolm perceived at once that this man would be sure to remember himself and his black-veiled companion, and would be able to describe her appearance if inquiries should be made of him, as they were nearly certain to be. He felt, therefore, the necessity of throwing the man off the scent of his own purposed course. With this design, he inquired:

"When does the next train start for Liverpool?"

"At five thirty, sir."

"Then you may call me a cab at once," said Mr. Montrose, handing his companion from the *coupé*, and leading her through the station.

The cab drew up.

The officious guard held the door open until Mr. Montrose had put his companion in and taken his seat beside her.

"Where shall I order the man to drive, sir?" asked the guard.

"To Euston-square Station, of course," replied Mr. Montrose.

"A runaway match, as sure as shooting. They didn't even stop to take their luggage," said the guard to himself, as he closed the door.

The order was given, and the carriage started.

It was a dark, foggy morning, into which broad day seemed unable to break. The streets were at this hour half-deserted, and very dreary. The carriage rattled noisily over the stones between closed shops and darkened houses, and drew up before Euston-square Station.

Here the scene was much busier. A crowd of carriages of all descriptions were continually drawing up or driving off. A multitude of people were pouring in and out of the building, for one train had just arrived, and another was just about to start.

Mr. Montrose alighted, handed out his companion, and paid and dismissed the cab. And at the same moment a newly-arrived traveller stepped up, engaged the same cab, and ordered the man to drive to "Mivart's."

And Mr. Montrose, glad that this possible witness to his next proceedings was taken out of the way, led Eudora into the station. It was very much crowded, and the space before the ticket-windows was thronged. While Malcolm debated with himself whether he should carry his *ruse* so far as actually to lead Eudora up to the first-class window and take tickets, he saw a gentleman and a young lady in deep mourning, closely veiled, go up and get two first-class tickets to Liverpool.

"That will do," said Malcolm to himself. "Should inquiries be pushed to this extent, that party may pass very well for her they seek."

Then drawing Eudora's arm within his own, and joining the throng of newly-arrived passengers that were passing from the station, he went forth. Taking an opposite direction from that of the place at which they had first been set down, he called another cab, placed Eudora in, took his seat by her side, and ordered the man to drive to St. Paul's churchyard.

It was now broad daylight, and all London was waking up and throwing open its windows. As they drove along, Mr. Montrose said to his wondering companion:

"Now, my dearest Eudora, though you ask me no questions concerning this strange proceeding, I must give you an explanation. I have acted thus in order to throw your pursuers off the scent; for if that railway-guard who attended us at Abbeytown and at the King's-cross Station, should be examined by the police, as is most likely, though he may be able to describe your person, dress, and appearance in such an accurate manner as to leave no doubt upon their minds that it was yourself who came up to London by the night train, yet, mark me, he will say that on reaching the King's-cross Terminus you took a cab to the Euston-square Station to catch the 'five thirty' down-train to Liverpool. The cabman who took us down will support his evidence, and even the clerk of the first-class ticket-office will corroborate both testimonies by remembering a young lady in deep mourning, who took a first-class ticket for that train to Liverpool. Thus being thrown off the true scent by my *ruse*, they will think that you have gone down to Liverpool with the purpose of escaping by one of the outward-bound steamers, while you may repose unsuspected and securely in London."

"But," said Eudora, anxiously, "since I *have* fled, had I not better continue my flight? Had I not better escape at once to some foreign country?"

"It would be impossible for you to do so at present, Eudora. I must tell you why. In an hour or two from this time your flight will be discovered at Allworth. In the same hour telegrams will be dispatched to the police of every seaport on the coast of England to intercept you if you should attempt to pass. These telegrams will reach their destinations before you could possibly arrive at any seaport, and you would be arrested immediately upon your arrival."

"Oh, Lord of Heaven! that *I*, that *I* should be so hunted! hunted as though I were a wild beast!" exclaimed Eudora, shuddering with terror.

"Many a fair and good queen and princess has been so hunted before you, dear girl! Even in recent times your own friend, the heroic Princess Pezzilini, was obliged to fly for her life! Emulate her heroism, dear girl," said Malcolm, earnestly pressing her hand.

"Ah! but she was not dishonored by the charge of a foul and monstrous crime. Her offence was a political one, and her very flight was honorable. There is no parallel between her case and mine," moaned the poor girl.

"Take courage and have patience, dear Eudora, while I speak of our future plans," said Malcolm, affectionately pressing her hand.

"Ah, I will! I will be courageous and patient! I ought not to complain of any affliction so long as Heaven has left me so true a friend!"

"Thank you, dear Eudora, for that tribute. Listen now, dearest: I will take you to some safe and honorable retreat, and leave you there for the present. When the first heat of the pursuit is over, when it will be safe to do so, I will take you down to some one of the sea-ports, and escape with you to America. There you will give me this dear hand in marriage. There I will work for our mutual support until the course of time and Providence shall have cleared you of this false and dreadful charge, and paved the way for our happy return! This is my plan, Eudora! How do you like it?"

"Oh, Heaven bless and reward you, Malcolm, who sacrifice yourself to save the poor lost girl, whom there is none other to pity or to succor!" exclaimed Eudora, fervently.

They had now turned into St. Paul's churchyard, which was all alive with the commencement of the business of the day. Malcolm kept his gaze out of the window, as if in search of some particular place. At length, when they had got just opposite a ladies' out-fitting establishment, he stopped the cab, paid and dismissed it, and led Eudora towards the shop.

"I deem it safest, dearest, to change at every place we stop. Go in there now, and purchase things as you may require, and have them packed in a box, with your name, 'Miss Milnes,' written upon it. I will remain outside until you have completed your business."

Eudora entered the shop, and was promptly served with everything that she needed.

When she appeared at the door, with a shop-girl bearing the box behind her, Malcolm hailed an empty cab that was passing by, entered it with Eudora and her purchases, and gave the brief order:

"To the White Swan Hotel, Borough."

A rapid drive of twenty minutes brought them to the house.

Here Malcolm discharged the cab and entered the hotel, leading Eudora, and followed by a porter carrying her box.

He asked to be shown into a private sitting-room, and ordered breakfast immediately for two.

The waiter hastened to obey; and while breakfast was being prepared, Malcolm persuaded Eudora to lay off her bonnet and shawl, and repose in an easy-chair.

A comfortable meal of coffee, muffins, fresh eggs and ham was soon spread, and Malcolm led his companion to the table, saying:

"Come, eat, dear Eudora; nature must be sustained, even through the direst afflictions."

She drank a cup of coffee, and ate an egg and a small piece of bread. When breakfast was over, Malcolm said:

"You will stop and rest here for an hour, dearest, while I take a walk in search of suitable lodgings for you. You will not be anxious or frightened to be left alone?"

"I will try not to be so," she answered.

He pressed her hand and left the parlor.

As he passed through the coffee-room on his way out, he heard the vistors and loungers discussing the news in that morning's *Times*. Some topic of unusual interest seemed to occupy them. Malcolm's heart stood still as he caught some detached portions of their conversation.

"I recollect perfectly well when the baron died a few months ago. There was a suspicion of his having been poisoned; and now to think of the whole family being destroyed in that way!—and by one young girl to whom they had been so very kind, too! What a young devil she must be!" said one.

"Oh, she comes from India, it appears. And India is the native land of devils, as we have good reason to know since the revolt of the Sepoys," said another.

"Well, it is a good thing that the unnatural young monster is in custody. If she isn't hung the gallows might as well be put down altogether; but she is safe to be, for this beats Palmer all hollow."

Malcolm heard no more. With a sinking heart he hurried out into the air, and took his way down the street, and began to tread the narrow lanes and alleys of the neighborhood in search of such lodgings as he desired for Eudora. At length, about half way down, between the two crossings of a narrow street, he paused before a small green-grocer's shop bearing the name of Mrs. Corder, over which a bill in an upper window announced "Apartments." He entered the shop, and behind the counter found the proprietress, a fat, middle-aged, motherly-looking widow, with a large number of children, who were continually toddling in and out between the little dark back parlor and the front shop.

Stepping up to the counter, he asked the woman to show him the apartments she had to let.

"Here, Charley," said Mrs. Corder, calling her eldest hope, a red-headed lad of about ten years old, to "take her place while she showed the gentleman the rooms above."

"The lodgers have a private entrance, sir," she said, leading the way out of the shop to a street door on its right hand, which admitted them into a narrow passage, from which an equally narrow staircase led to the second floor.

Mr. Montrose followed the landlady up stairs to a pair of small, plainly furnished, but clean rooms, connected by folding doors. The front one was a parlor, the back one a chamber.

"What are your terms?" inquired Mr. Montrose, when he had glanced approvingly around these rooms.

"Twenty-five shillings a week, sir, with attendance," replied Mrs. Corder.

"Have you other lodgers?"

"No others, sir, except a poor gentleman and his daughter as have the rooms over these, and has never paid me a penny for 'em," added the woman, in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard.

"I will engage these rooms, then, for a lady, who will take possession immediately; and here is four weeks' payment in advance."

Mrs. Corder curtsied lowly in acknowledgment of this liberality, and promised to have fires lighted immediately to air the apartments.

And Mr. Montrose hurried back to the White Swan, where he found Eudora still resting in the easy-chair, and awaiting him.

"I have found you lodgings, dearest, where I hope and believe you will be both comfortable and safe. They are over a small green-grocer's shop, kept by a stout, rosy, good-humored-looking widow, with a large family of young children. And with her shop, her children, and her lodgers to attend to, she is much too busy to pry into other people's private affairs. You may get ready now while I call a carriage," said Malcolm, and without waiting to hear her warm thanks, he passed out.

In two minutes he returned, and led his companion, who was quite ready, to the carriage. Her box was put in, and the direction given to the coachman, who drove on.

A quarter of an hour's drive brought them to the private entrance of Mrs. Corder's house. The good-humored landlady stood at the door to receive her new lodger.

Mr. Montrose alighted, handed Eudora out, and led her into the house, followed by the coachman carrying the box, which he sat down in the passage.

"Poor girl," murmured the landlady to herself, as she noticed the deep mourning and pale face of her guest. "Poor girl! an orphan, I dare say—some clergyman's daughter come up to London to get her living as a daily governess or something. She do look like that. But lawk, she'll never be able to pay twenty-five shillings a week for her lodgings, and that she'll soon find out. Hows'ever, the gentleman has paid the first month in advance, and maybe he may——. Lawk, I wonder whatever he is to her——"

"This is my cousin, Miss Milnes, who is to be your new lodger, Mrs. Corder. Will you please to show her at once to her rooms?" said Mr. Montrose, who, having settled with the man, now turned and presented his companion to her landlady.

"Yes, certainly, sir; the rooms are quite ready. I'm proud to see you, Miss Miller—that's a real governessing name, is Miller," added the landlady, *sotto voce*, as she led the way upstairs, and threw open the door of the front parlor.

Malcolm and Eudora entered the room, and the landlady lingered to receive orders.

"You may have the box sent up, if you please, Mrs. Corder," said Mr. Montrose, to get rid of the good woman, who dropped a curtsey and withdrew.

"Now, dearest Eudora," said the young man, "for your own sake I must hasten to leave you. I must hurry back to Allworth Abbey, that no one may suspect that I have been so far absent from the neighborhood, or connect my absence with your disappearance. My presence is also necessary to assist at the funeral obsequies at Allworth. So you perceive, dearest, that I must immediately depart."

"Oh, yes, I know that for every good reason you must go," said Eudora.

"And this advice I must give in leaving you—keep yourself closely within doors! send the landlady or her son out for whatever you may require—but go not forth yourself. If time hangs heavily on your hands, send for books from Mudie's Circulating Library, a branch of which stands near this. Do not risk writing to any one, not even to me, unless it should be positively necessary; and, if you do write, be careful neither to put address nor date at the top of your letter, nor name of any sort at the bottom; and direct your letter to Howth, a post town about twenty miles from Allworth. Do you mark me, dear Eudora?"

"Oh, yes, I mark, and I will remember and follow your directions."

"I will write to you under your middle name of Milnes, and post my letters at Howth. Now, dearest, trust in God—trust also in me; keep up your spirits, and hope for the best. You will be quite safe here, as you know the hunt for you will be led off in an opposite direction. Your landlady is evidently a good-humored, obliging, unsuspicious creature, who will endeavor to make you comfortable. If she should betray any curiosity upon the subject of my interest in you, tell her so much of the truth as that we are betrothed, but avoid telling her my name; she will probably believe it to be the same as your own. Will you remember all these things?"

"Oh, yes, yes, dearest Malcolm!" said Eudora, endeavoring to control her emotions.

"And now, my beloved, I have not a moment more to stay, for I must catch the train. Good bye! good-bye! I leave you in the keeping of Him who ever watches over the innocent," said Malcolm, pressing her to his bosom in a parting embrace. Then he put her gently back into her chair, and hurried from the room.

On the stairs he met the boy bringing up the box, and in the passage below he saw the landlady.

"I have taken leave of my cousin, Mrs. Corder; but I must commit her to your best care. She has lost both her parents, and is in deep sorrow, as well as in reduced circumstances; she never lived in lodgings before, and is very inexperienced. Therefore, I must beg that you will be a kind of mother to her," said Mr. Montrose, slipping another five-pound note into the hand of the woman as he took leave of her.

"Thank'ee, sir; lawks, sir, I'm a poor widder, with a large family, but I don't require no bribery to do my duty by my lodgers, nor likewise to be good to a poor, dear, fatherless, motherless young creature like her," said the landlady, pocketing the money.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

BLACKBEARD

THE PIRATE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

This old sea-robber was an Englishman, whose real name was Edward Teach. The soubriquet of Blackbeard was given him in consequence of his personal appearance. A long, black and flowing beard, which, covering his face from his eyes, reached to his waistband. In this hirsute appendage, together with the hair of his head, which was permitted to grow uncut, the pirate greatly prided himself; and this, added to eyes black as night, and of a peculiarly sinister expression, gave him an exceedingly savage appearance. This frightful expression he was said to increase in times of action, by attaching to the rim of his hat, and among his tangled locks, lighted matches; so that, at those times, he must indeed have looked the heartless fiend he really was.

Many vessels of all nations became his prey; and their crews were most inhumanly murdered. His favorite mode was to tie his helpless prisoners to the main rigging, and dispatch them separately with his own pistol, that he might, as he said, improve in his pistol practice.

Emboldened by a long course of success, this terrible cut-throat infested all the Atlantic coast, particularly the shores of Chesapeake Bay, to such an extent that fishing boats even could not pursue their occupation unmolested. In short, nothing was safe along those shores, not even the dwellings and poultry yards of the planters in the vicinity of the sea.

To such an extent indeed had these atrocities been carried, that, in the summer of 1718, Governor Spotswood of Virginia made a proclamation, offering a reward of five hundred dollars for the head of the notorious Blackbeard; and for every other commander of a pirate ship, two hundred dollars; for each inferior officer, from seventy-five to one hundred dollars; and fifty dollars for every piratical sailor who might be taken, dead or alive.

Soon after the publication of these rewards, one Lieutenant Maynard sailed from James River in search of the robbers; and on the evening of the 31st of June, he came in sight of Blackbeard's vessel, lying quietly at anchor in the mouth of Ocracoke Inlet, on the coast of North Carolina.

Maynard was the very man for this important expedition, as was proven by his prudent, yet heroic conduct, and the success of all his plans. In the first place, he prevented all communications between the shore and the pirates, by stopping and detaining all boats he met with in the river and Pamlico sound. But it appears, that, notwithstanding all the lieutenant's precautions, the pirate's confederates on shore communicated with Blackbeard, cautioning him to be on his guard.

But the pirate, having frequently before been falsely alarmed, paid no heed to this friendly warning of his accomplices; nor did he have a thought of the expedition sent against him, till the little vessels of the lieutenant hove in sight.

Blackbeard now, convinced of his danger, lost no time in getting his vessel ready for defence. After doing this, he addressed his crew, exhorting them to fight like fiends, and to sell their lives dearly. In his company was the master of a coasting-sloop, who had long been suspected of acting as a lighter to the pirate, and conveying their ill-gotten plunder to the storehouses of the receivers on shore. With this fellow the pirate chief descended to his cabin, and commenced a drinking bout, as was his custom previous to going into action. With all his savage and desperate nature, the ruffian had to resort to drunkenness to fortify his courage.

On coming within gunshot distance, the lieutenant left his two small sloops, and manning his boats advanced till he drew the fire of the pirates. He then waited till the vessels came up, and displaying the king's flag, bore directly down upon the enemy. Blackbeard now cut his cable, and endeavored to run, while he kept up a continual discharge of heavy guns, which the young officer could reply to only with small arms, not being able to carry cannon on his shallow-draught vessels.

The pirate, finding it impossible, with what little wind there was, and that dead ahead, to escape to sea, desperately resolved on a bloody action, ran his vessel upon the shoals, and awaited the approach of the lieutenant's boats.

The latter, to enable him to come within boarding distance, was obliged to throw overboard ballast, water, and every article he could spare, even to his anchors. As he approached, Blackbeard, with a ferocious oath, demanded:

"Who are you? and why do you tempt me to blow you to h—?"

"That I am not your friend, you may see by that!" answered the officer, pointing to the royal flag at his masthead; "and as for your threats, I do not value them. Neither do I fear them!"

"Send your boat aboard of me, that I may see *who* you are!" now shouted the pirate.

"We have no boat to spare," was the reply "But I shall soon board you with my sloop, if can work her along side of you."

The pirate now appeared upon deck with bottle of rum, and, filling a glass, drank to the lieutenant.

"See here!" he cried, with a disgusting oath, "whoever you are, I wish you to understand that Blackbeard never yet asked for nor gave quarter!"

"I expect none," answered the lieutenant; "neither do I intend to give you any."

The pirate now opened the battle, by pouring a broadside into the sloops, charged, as the chronicler of the event says, "with all manner of small shots."

The effect of this first volley was terrible upon the decks of the lieutenant's vessels, and more than twenty of his men fell killed and desperately wounded. But the brave fellows still kept at their sweeps, pressing closer and closer upon the freebooters.

Dreading the result of another such a volley, Maynard now ordered every soul, except himself and the man at the helm, to secrete himself in the holds. The helmsman was directed to lay close to the deck, while he alone was the only man to be seen on board his little vessel.

The pirates poured in another broadside, which spent its fury only upon the sides and rigging of the sloops, but did not stop the headway of the latter, for the next moment, the vessel on board of which was the gallant Maynard, came in contact with that of the pirate.

When the two vessels struck, Blackbeard's men hurled into the lieutenant's a novel kind of hand-grenades. These were case-bottles filled to their necks with small shot and powder, slugs and broken glass, with burning matches attached, which, had his decks been crowded, would have made a fearful havoc among his men.

Before the smoke of these cleared away, the pirates leaped upon his vessel, lead on by their chief.

Maynard now gave the preconcerted signal, and his men, leaving their hiding-places, met the charge; and a short, bloody and desperate struggle ensued.

Singling out each other, the two leaders stood a moment face to face. Theirs were the first shot's fired, and the lieutenant's bullet inflicted a slight wound upon the pirate.

They then engaged at arm's length with swords, till, by an unfortunate stroke, that of the officer broke at the hilt. Throwing it overboard, the lieutenant stepped back to draw another pistol, when the infuriated Blackbeard raised his cutlass, and would have cut him to the deck, had not one of the lieutenant's men, at this juncture, seeing the imminent danger of his commander, given the pirate a blow with a boarding-pike that paralyzed his arm, so that only the point of the cutlass came in contact with Maynard's fingers.

The pirate received the contents of the lieutenant's pistol in his body. But still furious with the blood he had lost, and the liquor he had been drinking, he fought with the desperation of a savage, till he had received no less than twenty-five wounds, five of which were from pistol shots. He had discharged six pairs of pistols, and as he was in the act of cocking the last one he possessed, he fell with an oath to the deck. He was dead!

Eight of his men were also killed, and the others, who were all more or less wounded, jumped overboard and begged for quarter, which was granted them. Their lives, however, were prolonged but a few days.

During this fight on the deck of Maynard's little sloop, the other sloop had unluckily run aground. She now, however, came up, and attacked the crew that had remained in the pirate's vessel. With these she soon made clean work, for already overcome with drunkenness, they were easily dispatched.

Thus this great terror of the colonies came to his end, and the brave lieutenant and his men received what they so richly deserved—the applause of all good people.

As soon as the gallant conduct of the young officer reached the ears of the admiralty at home, he was immediately promoted to the command of a frigate.

THE APPROACH OF SLEEP.

It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping over one; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmly lid closing over it, like the eye;—'tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

Maxims for Parents and Teachers.—Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm his influences is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

THE DEAD POET.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Ah well! this Poet was very old—
His silken hair and his forehead white,
Had caught the gleam of the living gold
That falleth thro' Eden's gates of light—
God's smile on the old
Thro' the beautiful gates of light.

He sang so long, and he sang so loud,
Striving to win the world from wo,
That the summer of life slipp'd under a cloud,
And left him alone in the falling snow—
Ah, passionate soul!
Heart-deep in the wind and snow.

Oh careless World be kind to him,
And turn aside your hurrying feet,
So the grass may grow in the valley dim
Where they have buried this Poet sweet—
Who silver linked
To ages with idyls sweet! * * * *

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A few evenings since, in a small company, where intellectual enjoyment was the spirit of the occasion, the conversation turned upon Dreams. It so happened that, of some dozen of us, there was not one of us who wholly denied the significance of sleep-waking visions, but there were various opinions as to the quality and extent of evidence upon the subject. By one of our number it was held that, in all ages of the world, since the creation of man, God had made use of dreams as the medium through which to communicate important intelligence to his children. The mind, or soul, he claimed, was nearest to the Infinite when the gross body was hushed to slumber, and, when dreams assumed frightful and absurd forms, it was the result of derangement in the physical system. The body, either from fatigue or disease, or the overloading of its stomach, could not rest, and so started up to torture the mind.

Said he, "If the body was in a perfectly normal state, and all its functions acting in healthful harmony, the soul would receive somnambulic impressions through a medium as clear as the upper ether. Under such circumstances, the mind, once set in operation by the mystic power, might reach forth and gain reliable impressions, even from the distant future. I firmly believe that coming events have, ere now, cast more than a shadow upon the mind of the healthful dreamer. Still, at this point, I confess that I am lost, for I see not how man can decide whether his dreams be reliable or not."

There was one man in the company who had as yet expressed no opinion upon the subject, although he was evidently most deeply interested. This was a Mr. David Wadleigh, over whose frosted head the suns and snows of seventy years had cast their lights and shades. Finally he was appealed to.

"My friends," he said, arousing himself, as though from heavy thought, "if you want my opinion upon this question, I can give it to you much better in a simple story of my own experience, than in any form of learned argument. If you have a mind to listen, I will tell you how a dream once had a wonderful bearing upon my life."

Of course we were all anxious to hear it, and he proceeded as follows:

"When I was one-and-twenty years of age, I was married to the woman who is now my wife and faithful companion. We neither of us had money, but we had health and strength, and a will to work, and we resolved that we would unite our fortunes, and then, under the light of mutual love, earn a home. In a month after I was married I obtained a situation as porter and general jobbing hand in the bank. It was a desirable place, and one which required a trustworthy occupant, and my recommendations were so good that I obtained it. My pay was twenty dollars a month, which to me, at that time, was a goodly sum. My duties were to open the bank in the morning, and sweep out, and build the fires; to do such errands as the cashier might send me upon; to do all the heavy lifting in the vault, of gold and silver and copper, and to perform such other labors as might be called for.

"In the meantime Alice—that is my wife's name—had plenty of sewing to do, and as she was an expert with her needle, her services were in good demand, so that from her labor flowed an income of ten dollars a month. I had been engaged in the bank but a few weeks, when I learned that a cottage house, in one of the pleasantest parts of the village, was for sale. Alice and I had often stood and gazed upon that pretty dwelling, with its garden and fruit orchard, and wished that we could own it; and now, when I found that it was for sale, I tremblingly asked myself if I might not make some arrangements to purchase it. I sought the owner, and stated my business. His price was just one thousand dollars, and twenty dollars was all the money I had in the world. I told him how I was situated, but told him that, if I had my health, I could pay for it in a few years. He finally told me that if I could raise two hundred dollars from some other source, he would take my notes, secured by a mortgage on the property, for the balance. I went home to my wife, and we talked the matter over, and after much thought, she told me what she would pledge herself to do. She said she would support the family, even to the purchasing of fuel, so that I might depend upon my own wages as going to pay for the house. I at length found a friend to lend me the two hundred dollars, and ere long the house was in my possession. We were proud and happy when we moved into that pretty cottage, and with stout, hopeful hearts we promised ourselves that we would have it all paid for ere many years had passed.

"At the bank I was punctual and attentive, doing my best to please my employers, and it was not a great while before I heard, by way of friends outside, that I was much liked by the bank officers. This only served to spur me on in my endeavors, and at the end of the first year my wages were raised to five-and-twenty dollars per month, and the president sent quite a present to my wife.

"After this I was called upon to render the cashier assistance which I had not rendered before, and most of the simple errands were done by a boy. I was often trusted to count and put up money, and had free access to the vault, even when no one else was with me. The idea of taking a penny of that money never occurred to me, or, if such ideas were ever present, they came only as comes the thought of self-murder to the healthy, happy youth. The very thought of stealing was so frightful to me that it made me shudder.

"And so passed two years away, and during that time we had been more successful in our pecuniary matters than we had ever hoped. Alice had been busy with her needle, and with such success that I had not been called upon for a single penny towards our household expenses. I had spent only between thirty and forty dollars for myself, so that I had saved five hundred dollars. In a little while after this the man of whom I bought my house was in town, and I paid him four hundred and fifty dollars, taking up two of my notes. The friend of whom I borrowed the two hundred was in no hurry for his money, so I let that lay.

"One morning when I went to the bank, I found the president and the cashier there before me, and from their manner I knew that something had gone wrong. I swept out the front room, but built no fire, for it was in the summer time. After breakfast I was sent away upon an errand, and when I returned I found that two of the directors had arrived, and were in close counsel with the president and cashier. In the afternoon I was called into the president's room, and a chair was offered to me. The act was so cold and so formal, and the glances cast upon me so searching, that a lightning-bolt seemed to strike to my heart. All day they had watched me in just that way, and my surmises and misgivings had been working painfully upon me. Finally Mr. Farnbridge—he was the cashier—spoke to me:

"'Mr. Wadleigh,' said he, in a tone like a funeral dirge, 'were you aware that a thief had been at work in the bank?'

"If he had directly told me that I was a thief, I should not have been so deeply moved, for his look, so intense and significant, pierced me through and through. I trembled at every joint, and I know that I must have turned very pale, for I felt the blood all settling back into my heart. I asked him what he meant, and he shook his head, and told me that he was afraid I knew too well.

"'In Heaven's name,' I said, 'what has happened?'

"He told me—told me as though he were but refreshing my memory—that there had been some thousands of dollars stolen from the bank—that it had all been taken within the last four months, and probably at different times. And then he asked me if I had not, a few days before, paid Mr. Cox some money. I told him that I had.

"'How much?' he asked.

"I told him four hundred and fifty dollars.

"'Yes,' said Mr. Farnbridge, 'so he has informed me. You tendered him five one hundred dollar bills, and he gave you fifty dollars back.'

"I admitted that it was so; and he then asked me where I got the money. I told him I had laid it up from my earnings.

"'Stop,' he said, with an awful shake of the head; 'don't tell me such an utterly preposterous story. The thing is impossible upon its very face. You are not in debt at any of the stores. You have paid your living expenses from week to week; and yet you profess to have laid up five hundred dollars. Just look at it, sir. Every penny that we have paid you, from the time we last engaged you to the present, amounts to only five hundred and forty dollars! And yet you say that you have laid up five hundred of that!'

"I told him that my wife had earned money enough to support us; but he only shook his head again.

"Where did I get those one-hundred-dollar bills? That was not the kind of money I had been paid off in.

"I told him that I had saved my money up in gold, and that only a few weeks before a man who was going out West had given me one per cent. for my specie, and in exchange I had taken said bills.

"I need not tell you all that was said on that occasion. After a careful investigation, it was decided that I was the only person, beside the cashier, who could possibly have had access to the vault, and they considered my guilt apparent. I had saved up my money so stealthily, that my evidence on that point was not believed; and as for my wife's testimony, they considered that as only an echo of my own. Mr. Barton, the president of the bank, was a stern, uncompromising man, of the old Puritan stamp and stock; and he felt it to be his duty to have me arrested. So I was arrested, and taken before a justice; and after a brief examination I was committed for trial, and sent to jail.

"Here was a calamity indeed! My bright hopes were all crushed; my life-buds withered; and only gloom and anguish for me in the future. Even should the evidence against me fail to convict me, the stain would still remain; for I had no hopes that all doubts could be removed. I think when I was sent to jail, that my own wife was the only person, beside myself, who believed me innocent. The robbery of the bank was the general theme of conversation, and my name was coupled with the theft as though there could be no possible doubt of my guilt.

"Perhaps you can imagine the sufferings of my wife. She was, for a season, fairly bereft of her senses; and, even among those who had known me best, her great agony had more to do with what sympathy was felt for me than did any consideration of my former blameless life.

"But the hour of deliverance was at hand. God moves in a mysterious way. As I have said, my wife was, for a time, nearly bereft of reason; but at length she became more calm; and finally succeeded in cultivating a prayerful, hopeful spirit. It was in this mood, while her passions were subdued, and her soul had given itself up to earnest prayer, her hopes being all fastened upon a power above and beyond her own weak self, that she had a dream which startled her into new life. She dreamed that an old man, with locks and beard of purest silver, and bearing in his hand a golden wand, came to her, and bade her follow him. He led her to the bank, the strong doors flying open at the touch of his magic staff, and finally they stood within the vault, a bright effulgence seeming to beam from the old man's brow, making the place as bright as day. And then he told her how the money, which her husband had been accused of stealing, had been taken, and also showed her how it could be found.

"When Alice awoke, and thought over the dream, the impression was so strong and vivid that she could not shake it off; and, after much deliberation, she resolved to go and see the cashier. She went, and told to Mr. Farnbridge her dream. She told him that it seemed to be more than a dream—that it was impressed upon her mind as though the finger of Omnipotence had done it. And she implored him, as he loved justice and mercy, to go with her, and see whether the vision were true or false. The cashier had always loved me, and he hastened to put my wife's impression to the test. He went with her at once to the bank, and led her into the vault.

"This vault was constructed before the present facilities had been afforded for making walls of steel and iron. A foundation of granite was built from the cellar bottom to the floor of the banking-room, and upon this was erected the vault, with double walls, the outer wall being of hewn granite, laid in strong cement, and the blocks matched together with iron dowels; while the inner wall was of fire-brick, and neatly plastered.

"'I was never in this place before,' exclaimed Alice; 'and yet,' she added, as she gazed around, 'everything here is just as I saw it in my dream, even to the arrangement of these paper parcels. Here—here is the point which the mystic presence showed me!' And as she thus spoke she knelt down in one corner of the vault, where some small shelves were mitred together, and directly under one of these, close in by the angle of the wall, she found a crevice in the masonry—a break where the bricks had been separated, and the plastering broken. It had been done by a slight settling of the foundation.

"'There it is!' she cried. 'There it is, just as I saw it in my vision! O, Mr. Farnbridge, as God liveth, I believe the lost money is behind this wall!'

"The cashier got down upon his knees, and looked at the place she had pointed out. He saw the crevice; and he could see where the edge of the plastering had been worn away, as though gnawed by tiny teeth.

"He finally got up, and told my wife that she need not plead any more, at the same time promising her that he would push the examination as far as was practicable. The president was called, and one or two of the directors; and it was soon decided that the wall should be looked into. A competent mason was sent for, and by the time a dozen courses of bricks had been removed, the mystery was solved. Upon the top of the foundation, and between the two walls of the vault, they found a colony of mice, *and their nest was lined up with bank notes!* The little animals had worked their way up through the chinks in the foundation, and the crevice in the wall of firebrick was all ready open for them. This mouse-nest was carefully removed, and upon examination the missing money was all found. Much of it had been so gnawed and torn as to be worthless for further issue; but there was enough to show, beyond a doubt, that not one dollar of all that had been lost had been stolen by any human hands.

"It was not many hours after this discovery had been made before I was set at liberty; and to tell you how grateful I was; or how happy my wife was; or how much people talked about the wonderful manner in which my deliverance had been wrought, would be simply to attempt an account of what you can imagine much better than I can tell it. I will state further, however, that at the unanimous request of the officers of the bank I returned to my old post; and that on the day following the resumption of my duties, Messrs. Barton and Farnbridge went and took up the outstanding notes against me, on account of my house, and made me a present of them.

"Such is my story, gentlemen; and I leave you to draw your own conclusions touching the estimation in which I have held my Wife's Dream."

UNCLE JOHN'S FORTUNE.

BY HIS NIECE.

My brother Frank was all ready for college; he had graduated honorably at the preparatory school, and now felt eager to enter the lists at old Yale. But the wherewith was wanting; my father had met with heavy losses, and the business in which he was now engaged barely afforded us a subsistence; I should not even say that, for, with all our economy, the "two ends" would not "meet," and I had been obliged to take a place as assistant teacher in a private school.

However, notwithstanding the seeming impossibility, I was determined that Frank should go. He had always been our darling, and my especial playmate. Ah, how I loved him! He was a noble fellow, with those deep blue eyes, brown hair, and broad, white brow. I gloried in my brother's beauty and nobility—lived in it, as though it were my very own; I could not bear that he should be disappointed. I think we women have a much tenderer feeling toward a brother than a sister.

Frank used to say to mother—"Now, mother, I suppose I ought to be like the fellows you read about, who saw wood and sweep offices, and study between times; but it don't seem to me that I could; I should not study enough to be worth two cents." And I knew this was true; brought up as he had been in the midst of luxury, with no care greater than the daily performance of his school duties, he was not one to be cast so entirely upon his own resources. I felt sure that if we succeeded in sending him to college, the thought that those at home were making daily sacrifices to keep him there would be a great incentive to render his course an earnest and honorable one.

I heard of a desirable vacancy in a large school in a neighboring town, and immediately made application for the place. Three days after my letter of inquiry I received the following:

MISS MARION WADSWORTH:—The Trustees of L—— Seminary having made a few necessary inquiries respecting your qualifications for teaching, have agreed to give you the place which you desire, with a salary of four hundred dollars per annum. The next session will commence on the tenth of September.

Respectfully, ARNOLD H. HUBBARD,
Principal L—— Seminary.

Arnold Hubbard! Surely, thought I, this was not the name of the last year's principal; I did not know they had changed! As I looked at the straight, precise chirography of the letter, I concluded that the writer must be a middle-aged man, of the stern old New England stamp, and that I should be obliged to exercise double vigilance under his jurisdiction. I immediately answered his letter, accepting the situation.

If fervent prayers ever called down a blessing, one must have rested on our Frank, as he went from us to college. A few days after, I made a more humble exit. It was quite dark when I arrived at my boarding-house at L——.

I had the honor, that evening, of taking tea with only Mr. Hubbard and my landlady as companions, the two other teachers, Miss Howe and Miss Vandervere, not being expected until the next morning.

Mr. Hubbard was quietly polite, and performed the honors of the table with an ease and grace which indicated the well-bred gentleman. He was not in the least what I had pictured him; he certainly was not handsome; his features were too irregular, and his skin too brown for that; but nobody ever gave this a second thought—at least, *I* never did. His face expressed enough character to atone for all lack of beauty.

I never did like school-teaching, and the first year's experience in L—— Seminary did not tend to diminish my dislike; still, I was far from unhappy; I then thought it was because I was exerting myself for Frank—now I know better.

Frank was as economical as anybody could be, but his expenses were rather more than we had calculated, and I felt troubled, because, at the end of the summer term, I had been obliged to let father make up the amount for which my money fell short. It was small, to be sure, but it could not well be spared; however, it seemed to me that we were doing everything in our power; and, therfore, I engaged to commence a second year at L——, and resolved to economize more closely than ever.

At this time the daily sessions of the school were long and fatiguing; and as our landlady had moved to a house very near the Seminary, I greatly missed the long walk to which I had been accustomed. One day I had been longing for an old-fashioned ramble in the woods, when Mr. Hubbard joined me—we often walked to and from shool together; it was so much pleasanter to have company.

"Why don't you take more exercise, Miss Wadsworth?" said he; "do you know you have almost lost that color you had last year?"

"I belive I ought," I replied; "but I have almost no friends here, and I detest walking alone."

"Do you ever ride on horseback?"

"I used to, at home, a long time ago, when we lived at M——," said I, sighing to think of those pleasant days.

"I should like you to ride with me," said Mr. Hubbard; "if you can be ready, I will bring the horses to the door in half an hour."

How I did enjoy those rides! They were often taken after that; Miss Howe and Miss Vandervere were frequently invited, too, and the village gossips were completely mystified concerning Mr. Hubbard's preference.

It was on returning from one of these rides, that I found awaiting me a letter from mother. She said:

"Frank's bills for this term have come in. They are somewhat larger than we expected, and I fear father will be able to render very little, if any, assistance. The great comfort in this anxiety is, that Frank seems to be so much in earnest in trying to do right. These four years of self-denial will be of much benefit to him.

"You remember hearing me speak of your uncle John, whom we have not seen for so many years. He was my best-loved brother, but he left home when very young, and, without my father's consent, married an English lady—a widow, with one child.

"This and other circumstances have kept him from ever revisiting his childhood's friends; but he has written to me occasionally, and when you and Frank were quite young, he expressed a wish to educate my children. There was then no necessity, and your father would not allow him to do so; but now I have written, telling him of Frank's need, and I have no doubt that he will send him something. He has not yet heard of our reverse of fortune or change of residence, but I have given him our address, and now look daily for a letter."

I had seated myself in the parlor to read the letter, without waiting to take off my riding-habit. I had finished the last sentence, and was wishing, oh, so earnestly! that I could make a fortune in a day, when Mr. Hubbard entered the room. In an instant I perceived that something had happened. He would not sit down, but stood near the table at which I sat.

"If you have read your letter, I should like to speak to you," said he.

I signified, by a gesture, that I had, and he proceeded: "I have received news of my father's death; he was only my step-father, but he married my mother when I was a mere child, and has always been to me like an own parent. I must go to my mother immediately; you will, if you please, take my place in the school, until I can return and make further arrangements. But don't work too hard," added he, with a slight smile; "leave everything you can for me."

To say that I missed him in school would be only half the truth; I longed every day for the customary walks and rides, and the pleasant talks over favorite books and flowers. He returned, however, sooner than I expected, for in about a month he resumed his place at our table, looking graver than formerly, but otherwise much the same

I went to my own room that evening, as I had exercises to correct, but was soon interrupted by a knock at the door; a servant handed me a card on which was written:

"There is no one in the parlor this evening. May I see you there for a little while? "A. H. H."

Wondering at the request, I went down. Mr. Hubbard gave me a seat, and then for a moment continued his walk up and down the room, which had apparently been interrupted by my entrance.

As he said nothing, I ventured to express my sympathy in his recent affliction.

"Yes," said he, "I lost a noble friend." Then, suddenly seating himself opposite me, he began: "Miss Wadsworth, will you be kind enough to tell me what was your mother's maiden name?"

"Miss Lord," I answered, though wondering greatly.

"Frances Lord, was it not," he added; "and your father is Mr. Nathan Wadsworth?"

"Yes," said I.

"And I think I have heard you speak of a brother Frank." I assented, and he went on. "By my stepfather's will, his property, which is very large, is to be divided between his wife, his only sister, and myself. His sister's address was given in the will, but on writing to the place mentioned, intelligence was received that no such person lived there; that there had been a family of that name who had moved away—nobody knew where. I was about to insert an advertisement in the papers when a letter arrived, directed to my father. I, of course, opened it, and it proved to be from his sister; that sister, I now believe, is your mother."

In a moment I was mute with astonishment; then I exclaimed, with joy:

"Oh, Frank! now there will be no more trouble!"

"Yes," said Mr. Hubbard, smiling, "Frank can certainly go through college now, for your mother's share is over two hundred thousand dollars."

"Are you quite sure?" asked I, fearing some mistake; "are you quite sure that my mother is the one? What was your step-father's name?"

"John Lord," answered Mr. Hubbard.

"Yes, yes; that was my uncle's name. *I* never knew him, but ah! how glad mother will be to hear from him, and how sad," added I, suddenly, "to think of his dying without her seeing him once more!"

"He often spoke of his sister Fannie, as he called her, and it was one of his favorite plans to take my mother to see her."

I sat in silence, wondering at this sudden realization of my dreams, and Mr. Hubbard resumed his walk; presently he said:

"You will not care to teach longer, I suppose, now that the necessity is removed."

"No—oh, no!" said I, quickly, but I could not exactly tell whence came that twinge of regret which mingled with my joy at the release.

"I thought as much," said Mr. Hubbard. "I shall not teach any more myself; there was never any need of my doing so, but it was one of Mr. Lord's ideas that no person's education was complete, unless he had taught for at least a year. While I was at home, I met with a young lady who was looking for a situation, and who will, I think, be exactly the person to take your place, and," added he, pausing in his walk, and looking directly into my face, "whenever you are ready to give yourself away, I know somebody who will gladly take that care off your hands."

Confused beyond measure at this change of subject, I looked up, thinking I might have misunderstood him, but there was no mistaking the expression that beamed from those eyes, and as they met mine, he put out his hand and said:

"Will you?"

As I slowly placed my hand in his, it was tightly held in that firm, tender grasp, and the light kiss upon my brow proclaimed me his, "for better or for worse."

Ten years have passed since that winter evening, and for nine of them I have been a happy wife.

I heard Frank applauded as he pronounced the valedictory at the end of his college course; now he is a prosperous lawyer. I am going to his wedding next week.

In the pretty cottage over the way are my own dear father and mother, their advancing years rendered free from care by UNCLE JOHN'S FORTUNE.

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To forgive and forget is something of a difficulty, but to forget and forgive is the easiest thing in the world.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

RICH men put the knife of indolence and luxury to their children's energies, and they grow up fatted, lazy calves, fit for nothing. The father is a drudge all his life to make beasts of his children.

IN this world of disguises, we sometimes walk among angels, and know them not till some chance word or sign throws open the whole spiritual free-masonry of our souls.

"I AM afraid, sir, you are in a settled melancholy." "No, madam, my melancholy won't settle, it has too much *grounds*."

"I HAVE one request to make of you, my dear Mr. Grant". "My dear widow, I will grant anything you say.' "Well, sir, I want to be Granted myself."

A LIE always needs a truth for a handle to it. The worst lies are those whose handle is true and whose blade is false.

HE who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

THE deepest grief doesn't always shed the most tears. Ulysses was a very good husband, but he wept for his dog, but not for his wife.

WHAT we call miracles and wonders of art are not so to him that created them, for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul.

EVERY dewdrop, every raindrop has a whole heaven within it, and so has every pure and high human heart.

THE afflicted heart complains less loudly in the holy silence of the forest, as we are wont to lower our voices when those around us speak in whispers.

THE ship of State sometimes needs overhauling. Barnacles will grow upon it as well as on other ships.

AN agrarian paper advises the abolishing of rents. The best hands at abolishing them are the sewing girls.

SOME faults have been termed faults on the right side, and some errors may be called errors on the safe side.

MOROSE men are undelighted amidst all delight, joyless amidst all enjoyment, sateless in the very lap of satiety.

IF you have gone so far as to cut the lion's claws, you had better not feel secure till you have drawn his teeth.

ELOQUENCE is the language of nature, rhetoric is the creature of art. Rhetoric is the quackery of eloquence.

NO matter how *square* a politician may seem to be in his position, he can always *turn round*.

IF wicked people are each other's friends in the next world, they must probably be very *warm* friends

HE spake well who said that little graves are the footprints of angels.

IT is easy to raise a standing army in peace, but sometimes difficult to make it stand in war.

TOPERS who travel about with red noses should be indicted for circulating incendiary articles.

TWO can make love, but it takes three to make a wedding.

HE who turns from evil habits does himself a good turn.

AN intellectual man stone blind often sees more than all his neighbors.

CATCHING flies is much the simplest and safest way of *flying*.

DURING the Autumn gales the volume of Nature is full of fly-leaves.

PICKPOCKETS and beggars are generally the best practical physiognomists.

MANY actions, like the Mississippi, have two sources; one pure, the other impure.

THE pebbles in our path weary us and make us footsore more than the rocks.

BE as careful not to provoke an enemy as you would to steer safely near a dangerous reef.

NOT every man who dives into the sea of matrimony brings up a pearl.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A DOCTOR in Ohio, who had been attending upon a patient suffering from a broken leg, and done his best, was prosecuted by the latter, for damages, on the charge of mal-practice, in having so treated his broken limb that on healing it was two inches shorter than the other. But on the trial, it was proved that said leg, *before it was broken*, had been *two and a-half inches* shorter than its fellow, so that, by the plaintiff's own showing, his damaged member had gained half an inch in length under the doctor's treatment, and the jury found a verdict for the lucky physician.

A NUMBER of sailors belonging to an English ship in port, who had been out for a lark one night not long since, were attacked by a party announcing themselves as "dead rabbits," and a desperate fight ensued, in which the attacking party got so much the worst of it that the few who were able to speak begged for quarters, which were extended to them, and they sneaked off, carrying their disabled fellow-ruffians with them as they best could.

A PORTUGUESE sailor, belonging to a vessel lying at a dock in the East River, having become offended at the cook on board the craft, and resolved upon his destruction, attempted to assassinate him the other night, by stabbing him as he slept; but the cook happened to be awake, and getting the best of his assailant came near killing *him*, which he would have done, had not some of his shipmates come to the rescue of the Portuguese.

A FARMER living in the northern part of Maine, while out in the woods looking for some of his cattle, a short time since, came upon a bear, and climbed a tree for safety. The bear pursued him, and the farmer had to climb to the very top, where the trunk was so small the bear could not follow him, and there stay until his frantic yells attracted assistance, when the bear was shot.

An attempt was recently made to kill off the celebrated Parson Brownlow, of Tennessee, by sending him the infected garments of a person who had died of the small pox. But the brave old man was not to be caught thus. He burnt the parcel in his front yard, and published an invitation to the sender of it, whoever he might be, to call in person and receive his acknowledgments.

IT is said that the best marksman in the world has been found in "Old Massachusetts;" that he is a gentleman of leisure who has spent much time for years in rifle shooting, and that he thinks nothing of putting three balls successively through the same hole, at four hundred yards. Such a man, with a dozen or two of smart comrades to load for him, would be an acquisition to any army.

A LITTLE girl, whose mother (a poor widow woman) lives in Avenue C, being left alone one day while her mother went out to look for employment, got to playing with a few matches that she found in the cupboard, and setting her clothes on fire, she was burned to death.

IT is said that many gamblers have enlisted in the army for the purpose of looking after the money paid to the volunteers, and that they are meeting with much success. The *ennui* and inactivity of camp life are so oppressive to many of the men, that they rush into gaming as a relief from the intolerable bore of doing nothing.

An intemperate woman, living in Greenwich street, got beastly drunk, a few nights since, and while in that state lay upon and smothered (as it is supposed) her infant child, as it was found dead in the morning by a neighbor who called in, and its body frightfully mangled by rats, with which the loathsome den was overrun.

A COUPLE of men got into a fight on a Jersey City ferry-boat, one evening lately, just as it was leaving the dock, and being near the stern, some of the passengers pushed them into the slip to cool their anger. The experiment worked to a charm.

IT is reported that the Camanche Indians, no longer having the United States troops in Texas to hold them in check, are committing frightful ravages on the settlers in the western part of that State.

A TERRIBLE and destructive tornado swept over the town of Londonderry, N. H., lately, tearing up trees, killing cattle, prostrating houses and barns, and doing a vast deal of damage.

A BUILDING in Stanton street fell down one night recently, and buried two men in its ruins. They were dug out as soon as possible, but both were dead.

THE entire village of Lindsay, in Canada West, containing one hundred houses, was burned down recently.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

The Cause of the Enormous and Unparalleled Circulation of the Ledger.—We pay more money for contributions by popular and eminent writers, in order to make a great and good paper, than is paid by any ten other literary papers in the country; and, as a legitimate result, our circulation is larger than the combined circulation of any ten others.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

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ABUSE OF PUBLIC MEN.

At a time like this every man who accepts responsibility should expect detraction; for he will have it whether he expects it or not. The public mind is too excited to judge correctly, and is apt to believe in nothing but success. We have had three wars already, and it could easily be shown that, in all of them, the men most meritorious were cruelly misrepresented and undervalued. The intrigue against Gen. Washington, during the revolutionary war, is familiar to every one, but he was far from being the only victim of depreciation and slander.

The most striking case of the kind referred to was that of Robert Morris, the Superintendent of Finance, or, as we should now say, the Secretary of the Treasury, during the last years of the revolutionary struggle. Robert Morris, a merchant of large fortune, about to retire from business and spend the evening of a laborious life in peace, was entreated by Congress, by leading citizens of Philadelphia, by the voice of the country, to undertake the office of minister of finance, and strive to reduce the chaos of our financial affairs to something like order. Contrary to his inclinations, and to the detriment of his private fortune, he accepted the appointment. How industriously, with what ability, wisdom, zeal, valor and success he labored, is known to all who have studied that eventful period. But for Robert Morris, Gen. Washington could not have forced Lord Cornwallis to a surrender at Yorktown, for the simple reason that he could not have transported his army to the scene of that decisive triumph. To enable Gen. Washington to strike that blow, Robert Morris spent every guinea ot his own money that he could command, borrowed from his friends on his own responsibility every guinea they could spare, borrowed from the treasure-chest of the French fleet twenty thousand silver dollars, pledging therefor his fortune and his honor to the admiral. The result was that Gen. Washington reached Virginia in time, and achieved the splendid victory that secured the independence of the nation, and restored peace to Europe. And this was but one of a long series of signal services rendered to the infant republic by this able and honest financier.

Surely he, if any man, should have escaped calumny. On the contrary, he was assailed with the most shocking, the most outrageous abuse. His masterly measures for raising and securing the credit of the country were attributed to the fact that he was a holder of the public stock. The cry was raised that he was speculating in the funds, the value of which rose under his administration; and some of his best ideas he was prevented from using by this senseless clamor.

In the war of 1812, Gen. William Henry Harrison was so scurvily treated that he resigned; and in the war with Mexico Gen. Scott was "*recalled*" from the very scene of his triumphs.

Commanding officers must, therefore, not be surprised when they are judged hastily and harshly. All they have to do is to keep steadily on in the line of their duty, relying on the final justice of their countrymen, and knowing that SUCCESS will be even more extravagantly honored than failure is condemned. Who *now* thinks of the slanders that embittered the days of Washington, Morris, Greene, Schuyler, Franklin, Harrison, Jackson, and Scott? But all the world knows their glory.

THE DOG DAYS.

We are having a touch of the tropics. No pulse in the daylight air, no coolness in the darkness. The flowers scarcely get dew enough in the arid nights to keep them alive during the burning days. The lidless eye of the sun scorches all that it glares upon. Cattle pant in the fields; dogs, with palpitating flanks, hang their tongues out to cool in the shadow of the door-yard trees; fat babies break out in "prickly heat" as if they had been sown with fire, and the crop was just coming up; drouthy flies drive even the gentlest horses to the verge of lunacy; all the biters and stingers of the insect world are in a state of preternatural activity and exasperation; drinks taken into the stomach are promptly returned—with a slight infusion of salt—through the undershirt. All *salamanderish* members of the animal creation are in their element; fat fellow-Christians almost feel like swearing; ice is a public necessity; people flock to the soda fountains as harts to the water-brooks; cisterns are soft-waterless; corn is listening with all its ears for a thunder-shower; *al fresco* lodgings are popular with the cadets of Loaferdom; fashion has fled from its stone and marble mansions to the watering places; the city is a brick oven, the country is done brown —in short, the "heated term" of the dog days has reached its meridian, and a volcanic temperature is exhaling everything exhalable, and turning flesh to oil and vegetation to tinder.

How to keep cool is the one idea in which all others are merged. Meanwhile, this same city that we live in is cooler than any place, except the mountains and the sea-side, to be found within five hundred miles of it. Newport and Nahant are pleasant, and a daily brush with the combing surf is healthful and bracing, to say nothing of the beach-views of gambolling Lurlines at the one, or of distant glimpses of that attractive marine animal, the Sea Serpent, at the other. But at both places the bills of the landlords are long, and so are those of the musquitoes; and whoever sojourns at either is sure to have purse and veins pretty extensively depleted.

Upon the whole, New York, with its delicious ices and various artificial contrivances for dissipating and defying the caloric, will do very well for people who live temperately and prudently. Ten miles down the bay there is salt-water bathing as good as any on the coast, and for those who hanker after mountain air there are the Palisades within an hour's, and the Kaatskill's within half-a-day's distance.

SHIPS IN COATS OF MAIL.

The naval experiences of France and England during their late war with Russia proved conclusively that war ships of the ordinary construction, even when propelled by steam, were no match for casemated forts. The solid structures of Tottleben defied the broadsides of Admiral Lyon's line-of-battle ships, and his best men-of-war would undoubtedly have joined the vessels sunk by the Russians for the protection of the harbor of Sebastopol, had he not withdrawn them from the fire of the seaward batteries. Nothing can be more certain than that shore batteries like those at Sebastopol and Cronstadt could beat off any fleet which the *present* naval resources of maritime Europe would enable it to send against them. But we are told that there is "a good time coming" for the warriors of the sea. Ships, "armed in complete steel," are to

> "——thunder-strike the walls
> Of rock-built citadels,"

and hammer them to fragments while themselves invulnerable. *So it is said.* But the mail-clad ship has not yet been tested in action, and we cannot tell whether its steel casing be a "coat of proof" or no. Opinions differ upon this point. Some very able engineers hold that the metal-sheathed hulls will be a failure. To us it seems that no armor in which a ship could float would be impenetrable by a hundred pound shot projected with force enough to carry it five miles. Vessels in iron envelopes would have made short work with the land batteries of fifty years ago, but casemated forts of the Tottleben pattern, mounted with rifled cannon of the largest calibre, would prove tough customers, we take it, for the best protected iron ships afloat.

THE YOUNG ZOUAVES.

Since the **Ledger** article on Boy Soldiers appeared, there has been a grand review of our Juvenile Zouaves in the City Hall Park, and the grace and agility with which they performed their evolutions elicited storms of applause from thousands of the spectators. The young *militaires* were of various ages from seven to twelve years, and were equipped from cap to gaiter in the popular "red-legged" uniform, with muskets and bayonets, knapsacks and canteens, suited to their size and muscle. From the display of parasols on the steps and balconies of the City Hall, the flutter of white handkerchiefs in that quarter, and the number of enthusiastic old and middle-aged gentlemen who waved their beavers in the crowd, we infer that the "anxious parients" of the youthful chivalry were present in force, and heartily approved the military ardor of their offspring. Zouave-ry is the passion and the fashion of the day with our boy population —nay, even some of the little girls have caught the scarlet fever, and insist on being tricked out in red tunics as Zouave *Vivandieres*, and carrying little casks strung over their shoulders. War has even got into the nursery, and babies of two summers toddle in uniform.

Apropos of boy soldiers, we see that the *enfants de troupe* (children of the troops) of the French army, now some 7,000 *strong*, are henceforth, on arriving at the age of ten years, to be supplied with arms and regularly drilled, with a view to their future appointment as non-commissioned officers. At the age of 17 they are to join the army.

"SOUNDING BRASS."

"The eyes of the world are upon us," said the chairman of a hole-and-corner meeting to an audience of half a score. This is the mistake of all shallow egotists. Instead of considering themselves constituent portions of the rank and file of humanity, they claim a separate identity as the salt of the earth, and believe in their conceit, that the world looks up to them with wonder and admiration. Fortunately for the feelings of such coxcombs, the world is too much of a gentleman to tell them to their faces exactly what it thinks of them, when it does them the honor to think of them at all. This is to be regretted, however, for no conceited ignoramus ought to be permitted to live and die in asinine ignorance of his own insignificance. Such mistaken individuals should, if possible, be brought to a sense of their true position in society, with a view to their reform. We know of several specimens of this genus, who would be much benefited if they could turn their eyes inward, and realize the vacancy which exists behind them.

The world recognizes a great man as soon as he appears on the arena, and renders him homage unasked. It also recognizes a mere pretender, and pays him the tribute of its contempt. The world is a wonderful counterfeit detector. Sooner or later it nails all "bogus" coin to the counter.

AMERICAN PREACHERS.

While looking over some files of foreign papers the other day, we happened upon a number of the "London Press," containing an article on American preachers. Its tenor was upon the whole complimentary. The writer deplored the tendency of the English priesthood to dwell on doctrinal points, and warmly commended the superior earnestness and more practical bearing of American sermons. We clipped from the article a paragraph touching on these points. Here it is:

> "This is what is wanted in our own country. We have too much theology and too little religion in our pulpits—too much systems and dogmas, and their relative positions and superpositions in the Christian system, and far too little of that homely, intelligent, and common-sense use of those grand truths which shine with the splendor but also with the usefulness of stars, guiding the sailor in the trackless sea, and lessening the darkness of a moonless night."

After referring to two or three of our clergy men by name in eulogistic terms, the editor winds up by saying of our clergy, as a body, that "they are a powerful race."

THE CITY NOW.

We have reached the dullest weeks of the summer, but the city has not the deserted aspect it usually wears in August. Fewer families than usual have gone into the country, and still fewer deem it necessary to retire into the back part of their houses and let the door-plate become tarnished. Many ladies have the moral courage to appear in Broadway in the afternoon; and a large number of dandies, who are overdue at Saratoga, still condescend to exhibit their clothes to their fellow-citizens. The presence in the streets of so many uniforms, and the thousands of flags that still fling out their folds from the tops of the houses, contribute to give to the town an aspect of gaity never before observed at this part of the summer. The town is hopeful—nay, confident of the future, and believes also that the days passing over it will be forever reckoned among the glorious days of the republic.

THE RESCUE.

Great was the excitement that prevailed among the ordinarily quiet inhabitants of the little Mexican town of Parras, as the sun rose on the morning of the thirteenth of May, 1847, for a fearful alarm was being sounded through their streets.

The vaqueros, as Mexican herdmen are called, who had been watching the large droves of horses and herds of black cattle grazing in the wide-spread valley in front of the place, had fled precipitately from their charge, and, dashing in hot haste through the suburbs, shouted, as they kicked their heavy rowels into the sides of their flying steeds, the appalling cry of—

"*Los Indios! los Indios! venieu los Camanches!*" (Indians! Indians! the Camanches are coming!)

The startling words were repeated by the terror-stricken people who at this early hour were already abroad; and rushing to their homes, they closed and barricaded their doors and windows against the assaults of their dreaded foes, who they supposed were following fast upon the heels of the flying vaqueros.

Such, however, was not the fact. The lookouts continually stationed upon the nearest spurs of the sierra, to give warning of the sudden approach of their old enemies, had discovered upon the distant horizon, and between them and the rising sun, the gleam of lances and the dust of advancing horsemen, which they instantly recognized as a large marauding band of savages. But as yet they were more than a league away from the town; and but for the paralyzing terror which the cry of "*Indios!*" invariably inspires in a Mexican community, the people would have had sufficient time to have driven in and secured their stock, and then prepared for the defence of their families and household gods.

But to such despair had the people of Durango been driven by the annual raids of these Bedouins of the West, that they had of late years ceased to combat them; and leaving their herds to be plundered by the savages, sought only to protect themselves within the strongly built walls of their dwellings.

On this occasion, however, the rich proprietor, Don Manuel Ybarro, hastily gathered a party of his peons, and mounted upon mustangs, spurred out upon the plain, and attempted, by showing a bold front, to bring the enemy to a halt, when he hoped to make such terms with them that the people of the town might escape molestation, and only their property suffer. But scarcely had the Indians, numbering hardly one hundred warriors, arrived in sight of the trembling peons, than, putting spurs to their animals, they fled in affright back to the shelter of their homes, leaving their brave master to fall beneath the weapons of the savages, or make his way back to the town alone. This last alternative he was, of course, obliged to adopt, and soon a scene of massacre filled the town. Cries of terrified women and children, mingled with the demoniac yells of the Camanches and the discharge of rifles, as the Indians pursued the retreating men through the streets, made a pandemonium of sounds which caused the trembling wretches cowering within their strong dwellings to faint with terror.

All this time, while their defenceless friends were falling beneath the murderous weapons of the savages, the craven Parrasanos, with the exception of Don Manuel and a few brave citizens, made not the least effort at defence. These last, however, mounted the roof of one of the churches, from whence they poured a discharge of leaden bullets upon the savages below, which forced them to withdraw from the centre of the town.

But it was with sinking hearts this gallant little party, numbering less than a dozen, perceived that as the Indians spurred along the narrow streets, they bore off with them a score of captives—young girls and boys, some of whom belonged to the best families of the town. The Camanches spurred out upon the plain, where, after taking measures for the security of their prisoners, they proceeded to gather up the animals of the range, and then drove them before them down the valley toward the trail on which they had approached the town.

In another hour not a savage was to be seen. They, with their rich plunder and their wretched captives, had disappeared among the passes of the mountains.

Cautiously the citizens emerged from their hiding-places to gaze upon the scene of carnage which met them on every side. The mutilated bodies of old men and youths, of women and infants strewed the streets, mingled with broken furniture, provisions, and whatever else the Indians had been unable to carry away with them from such dwellings as they had succeeded in entering. The dead were collected and borne to their homes, where preparations were being made to carry them to their last resting-place, when again that startling cry was heard:

"*Indians! Indians! Again the Camanches are upon us!*"

Once more all was terror, and running to and fro; and in their selfish eagerness to seek shelter, their dead and lost were forgotten. Grief was absorbed by the more powerful passion of fear; and notwithstanding Don Manuel, who on the first note of alarm had mounted his horse, galloped through the streets conjuring the citizens to behave like men and manfully defend their homes, not a score could be rallied to meet the coming enemy.

Those brave men who had joined him at first were again with him, and to this number were added a few other individuals who, being well armed, hastened in the direction from which the Indians were reported to be coming, determined this time to oppose their entrance to the town; for, on reaching the extremity of the street, they could perceive the approaching party numbered scarcely more than their own.

They were coming from the west, while their first assailants made their appearance from the east; and the Mexicans were convinced that it was a body of newly-arrived savages, apparently ignorant of what had just before occurred. They were doubtless a party of spies preceding a larger band of warriors yet among the hills.

Hastily throwing up a rude barricade across the street, this little band of courageous Mexicans awaited the nearer approach of their fresh assailants. But as they descended the rugged path and became more conspicuous, a doubt arose as to their true character.

"Who are they?" was asked from one to the other. "They cannot be Camanches!" exclaimed others, "and scarcely can they be our people—and see!" shouted Don Manuel, who had spurred out toward the foot of the hill, "they are not savages—neither are they friends —they are *Americanos!*"

And giving directions to his party to stand to their post, lest the enemy then approaching might show hostile intentions, he galloped out upon the hills, and soon his townspeople gladly perceived that he had joined the strangers, and was apparently engaged in friendly conversation with them.

In another moment, with Don Manuel at their head, they were riding rapidly towards the town.

The strangers were indeed a party of Americans. They were a small force detailed by Colonel Doniphan, then on his march through Chihuahua, and were the bearers of dispatches to General Taylor at Saltillo.

Don Manuel Ybarro had informed these gallant fellows of the cruel raid which the savages had just made upon the town; and enemies though they were, and at war with the people through whose country they were passing, they pledged themselves not only to respect their afflictions, but to attempt the recovery of their children and property from the savages; and how faithfully these brave men kept their word the sequel will show. It was a generous act which the people of Parras will ever remember, and which warmly attached them ever after to the Americans.

And we will now relate the adventure, as we heard it from one of the Missourians, who took part in the affair. Said he:

"From the first moment of our interview with Don Manuel, we decided to do all we could for the recovery of the captives, and punish the rascally redskins, who had the audacity to attack the towns, while the American army was in the country. We claimed that if there was any fighting to be done, we must have a hand in it. But our animals were suffering from a long journey over an arid and mountainous region, and it became necessary for us to obtain fresh horses before we could pursue the robbers.

"These were furnished by the citizens, who, now that we had volunteered in their service, flocked in numbers to join the party.

"But we wished to show them a specimen of our quality, and knowing that they would be rather in the way, than of benefit, in the event of a tussle with the savages, we would permit none but Don Manuel and his brave companions to accompany us.

"From the Mexicans we learned that the Indians would probably make a considerable halt at the watering place of El Pozo, which was situated in a deep cañon of the Sierra. Here, therefore, we hoped to fall in with them.

"On approaching this place, the two men sent in advance to reconnoitre the pass, discovered that the savages, unsuspecting a pursuit from the terrified Mexicans, and not dreaming of another enemy being so near, had tethered their horses and were preparing to spend the night upon the banks of the little stream.

"On hearing this, the men were for making a sudden dash upon them; but Captain Reid, who led our party, immediately ordered a halt under cover of the rocks and chaparral, and sent myself and one companion, selected from among the Mexicans, who was familiar with the locality, to examine the position of the Indians.

"After clambering over jagged and broken rocks, and among thorny cacti, we at length reached a point from whence we could look down into the cañon. There were the rascals in as nice a trap as one could desire. They had only placed a guard at each end of the cañon, to prevent the escape of the stolen animals, and another over their captives, who were huddled in terror apart from the warriors, while the latter had spread their blankets for a sleep under a cliff, the top of which was strewn with masses of broken rocks, and which a breath of wind almost threatened to tumble upon their prostrate forms. Among these rocks the Mexican and myself had cautiously clambered while reconnoitering, and I could hardly prevent the Mexican from hurling a huge rock upon them. Even to myself the temptation was almost too great to resist, but my better judgment prevailed; and motioning to my companion, we stole noiselessly from the spot and joined our friends, to whom I reported all the facts.

"By this time the sun was scarcely an hour high. Indeed, his beams were already shooting in long pencils behind the pine-crowned mountains, and as the Indians would doubtless remain where they were, Capt. Reid determined to delay the attack till the darkness of night would deceive them as to our numbers.

"At length the dark shadows gathered over the mountains, and filled the passes before us, and the order was given to leave our horses behind under charge of a small guard, and advance upon the hiding-place of the Camanches. The Mexicans, with myself, were dispatched to the spot above the cañon I have already described, while a portion of our boys pushed on over the spur of the mountain to the farther outlet of the pass, Captain Reid and eight men remaining at the western entrance to cut off the retreat of the rascals, should they attempt to take the back track.

"The plan of attack was determined upon in accordance with the discovery I had made and communicated to our captain, for if the savages should not have changed their positions, we would have them completely in our power.

"Not a word was spoken by my Mexicans, as we stole noiselessly over the rocks, and reached the point looking down into the dark ravine.

"The dull glimmering of the expiring fires, at which the Indians had cooked their suppers, showed their positions, which had not been changed since we had reconnoitred their camp; while the low, gutteral sounds that reached our ears, informed us that though yet watchful, the enemy were not suspicious of the danger by which they were surrounded.

"The full moon had risen, and in a few minutes would be high enough to fill the gorge with her light. This was the moment agreed upon on our part to commence the work of death to which we had doomed the marauders. These moments were occupied in whispering my hurried orders to the eager Mexicans, who each had selected a huge rock to roll down the cliff.

"At length the bright beams poured a flood of light down the cañon, lighting up every object in it. There still were gathered the poor captives, just as we had last seen them, and directly beneath us, as if inviting the terrible death we were prepared to give them, were clustered the savages, while beyond were the stolen animals and their careless sentinels.

"Satisfied that not a captive was in range of our deadly missiles, I gave the signal, and with a thundering noise that echoed and reverberated up and down that narrow gorge, and mingled with the howl of affrighted and dying savages, rock after rock was rolled from the hight, crushing and mangling the astonished wretches, and burying scores of them beneath their fragments.

"Those of them that escaped this terrible death, and attempted to escape from the cañon, were met by our boys below, and a scene of carnage took place among the panic-stricken Camanches, which the few survivers will be apt to remember to their last hours.

"This work of death was soon completed. It is doubtful if half a score of the savages escaped to tell the fate of their comrades. Ere the bright, round disk of the moon had peeped over the western face of the mountains, we had reached Parras, and restored the captives unharmed to their friends, and the stolen horses and cattle to their old rang in the valley. We lost not a man, though our brave captain carries on his person two ugly scars from wounds received in that 'cañon fight.'"

Good Thoughts and Guardian Spirits.—The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, pure, and good thought, which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TO-DAY.

"It is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good;" therefore, blessed be Allah, that this summer at least, we shall probably be spared the infliction of watering-place corsespondence, from scribblers who receive their daily rations scot-free, (no *pun* intended,) for the lucid intelligence that Miss D. appeared at dinner in a dress that looked as if it might take fire easily, or that Miss L. enchanted all beholders with a "chaste" head-dress, winding up this super-human effort of genius, by the politic declaration that time would fail to enumerate the other bright stars in the galaxy of fashion at Humbug Springs. Thanks to powder and shot, what else soever comes of it, *his* occupation is gone who got his fried potatoes free-gratis for these coarse millinary daubs at description. All this nursery slip-slop is displaced by the strong meat of *To-day;* of every morning's to-day; which gives through the press subject-matter for thought worthy the age we live in. The to-day which is separating so unerringly the chaff from the wheat. The to-day which brings all earnest, honest men to daylight, and sends fools and cowards shrinking away from its searching glare. The to-day which has a hero's vacant chair at many a humble hearthstone, and tolerates but impatiently the able-bodied absentee who suns himself on the public promenade, lacking the stuff of which *men* are made.

For him of *to-day* who, with his yard-stick, English patriotism, whines about "losses" and "prostration of business," when the prostration of his own narrow soul is what he *should* mourn for, I have only contempt. *A home worth having is worth defending;* and if circumstances so imperatively hedge in a man that he cannot do it in person, in the name of "'76" let him uphold the hands of those who are doing it for him, and forever shut his growling mouth about "privations" and "losses" in such a cause. Let him, for very shame, go to the homes of lonely, noble women, who have bade their husbands a tearless adieu, and led their little ones back to their deserted thresholds, in view of empty larders and coffers, to toil unremittingly and cheerfully for what is more precious, even to a "woman's" soul, that bodily comfort or ease.

It is glorious to live *to-day!* It is glorious that the masses are of one soul and one mind: on tiptoe, to catch the faintest whisper of that which is moral life or death to other lands than ours.

FANNY FERN.

BIG MEN.

Giants are generally clumsy. Men of vast stature and much brawn are tremendous fellows at close quarters, but your wiry, compact, close knit, middle-sized man is decidedly superior in toughness, activity, and every attribute except weight and crude strength, to your son of Anak. The other day a pocket Hercules, across the ocean, conquered with perfect ease, and without receiving a scratch, a living mountain of bone and muscle, the very wind of whose enormous fists, as he launched them at his plucky little antagonist, seemed almost sufficient to knock him down. But no blow ever reached him. Goliah plied his mighty arms in vain, and when he was exhausted with his unwieldy efforts, his small but muscular opponent put his own blows well in—

> "——So well, ere you could look,
> His man was floored and helpless at his foot."

The man of five feet eight inches, and one hundred and forty-five pounds, so bemauled the huge fellow of six feet four, and two hundred weight, that even the ruffians of the ring commiserated the pitiable plight of the giant, and loudly demanded that he should be taken from the arena. His strength, which the "London Times" describes as "almost superhuman," availed him nothing against the more elastic vigor of his conqueror.

Most of the great physical as well as mental triumphs of both ancient and modern times have been achieved by middle-sized or small men. Giants, as Dickens says, are generally "shaky about the knees," and he might have added, a little thick-headed withal.

BEER.

Some people wonder at the capacity of the Teutonic stomach for beer. It *is* surprising; but our friends, the Germans, have had, as a nation, immense experience in the art of imbibing and stowing away that not very enlivening fluid. If Tacitus does not belie them, they indulged freely in "lager" full eighteen hunyears ago. The Egyptians, it is true, commenced beer-drinking a little earlier. They brewed the "barley bree" when Herotodus was travelling among them, some 400 years or so before the Christian era; but not being gifted with Teutonic pertinacity of purpose, they seem to have abandoned the beverage some hundreds of years ago; and when the French invaded Egypt at the close of the last century, they had to teach them how to brew. In so far as a drink that makes men stupid is better than liquors that make them mad, beer is preferable to all forms of alcohol. Where a choice must be made between two evils, choose the least.

AN ILL-USED WIFE.

Mr. Bonner—*Dear Sir:*—I am in so much trouble that I don't know what to do—my husband is the cause of it, on account of his very jealous disposition; and he abuses me most shamefully—calls me the worst names that he can think of, and uses the most profane language that can be used in the English language, and in the presence of our servant girl and our own little girls, who, when at school and other places, repeat it. I have remonstrated with my husband in vain; I have told him that our children would repeat it; but it does no good, and he continues to get worse. Indeed, I dread to have him come home, for he is swearing and scolding and finding fault all the time, and without any cause. I try my very best to have everything right, so he will be pleasant when at home, but it is no use. I *cannot* do it: for he will accuse me of things that I would sooner be burned at the stake than be guilty of. Oh! what am I to do? I don't want to bring my children up in such a way. And when he is going around through the house scolding and rummaging everything out, the little girls will cling round him and beg him not to be so naughty, and not to scold their mamma; it seems to affect him for a second, then it is the same old thing again; and if he gives me any money, I must give an account even to one penny, although I put it to good use always; and if I go out to a neighbor's house, and he finds out, he scolds—if I go to the store he scolds; if I go to the Post office he scolds; if I stay at home he scolds; if I speak to a gentleman he scolds; if a gentleman speaks to me he scolds; and if I don't speak to any, he will scold about something, anyhow. He says I hate him, but I don't; I only dread to have him come home, because he swears and uses such vulgar language. I have tried to get him to read pieces in the Ledger that I thought would do him good; but he will say some woman wrote them, and he won't read nor hear me read. The Notices to Correspondents, he says, are not genuine; but please advise me through that column, and you will do me a great kindness, and perhaps put me on some plan to become happy, for indeed I am very unhappy at present. Yours,

A Six Years' Reader of the Ledger.

[We really do not know what advice to give you, because we cannot think of anything that would be apt to have a beneficial influence on such a man as you represent your husband to be. Perhaps when he sees your letter in the **Ledger**, it may occur to him that "the way of the transgressor *is* hard," and that if he does not reform, *his* way may be made still harder.]

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

DAMARIS.

BY ALICE CARY.

You know th' forks of th' road, and th' brown mill?
And how th' mill-stream, where th' three elms grow,
Flattens its curly head and slips below
That shelf of rocks which juts from out th' hill?

You know th' field of sandstone, red and gray,
Sloped to th' South? and where th' sign-post stands,
Silently lifting up its two black hands
To point th' uneasy traveller on his way?

You must remember the long rippling ridge
Of rye, that cut the level land in two,
And changed from blue to green, from green to blue,
Summer after summer? And th' one-arched bridge,

Under the which, with joy surpassing words,
We stole to see beneath the speckled breast
Of th' wild mother, all the clay-built nest
Set round with shining heads of little birds.

Well, midway 'twixt th' rye-ridge and th' mill,
In the old house with windows to the morn,
The village beauty, Damaris, was born—
There lives, in "maiden meditation," still.

Stop you and mark, if you that way should pass,
The old, familiar quince and apple-trees,
Chafing against the wall with every breeze,
And at the door the flag-stones, set in grass.

There is the sunflower, with her starry face
Leaned to her love; and there, with pride elate,
The prince's-feather—at th' garden-gate
The green-haired plants, all gracious in their place.

You'll think you have not been an hour away—
Seeing the stones, th' flowers, the knotty trees,
And 'twixt the palings, strings of yellow bees,
Shining like streaks of light—but, well-a-day!

If Damaris happen at the modest door,
In gown of silver gray and cap of snow—
Your May-day sweetheart, forty years ago—
The brief delusion can delude no more.

THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHIVALRY.

The capture of Harry Temple had been so sudden that he scarcely had time to think. If he had been so disposed, he could have easily escaped like the crew, by leaping overboard and swimming ashore; but there were reasons to prevent him.

He wanted to stand by Clara through every danger, if possible, and see her at last in a place of safety; and besides he could not leave her without a word, after having come so far.

For since the fight with the boats they had sailed more closely, and he had encountered her turned glance as it met his, and had gazed with rapture upon her sweet face as it now rose before his eyes, and would not turn away.

Yet now, a prisoner of war, he experienced a painful shock, and felt in a moment the full horrors of his situation.

He was the bearer of dispatches, which might be of the most vital importance. These would now be delayed, and perhaps never reach their destination.

He was also afraid that they would examine him, and take them from him. The idea of giving up the dispatches entrusted to him was agony.

Besides he now feared that he might get into trouble. He had disobeyed Arnold's orders, and had taken a road from which he was prohibited. Through his own indiscretion he was captured.

In all this, however, he little knew the terrible consequences of this one act of disobedience.

The schooner continued up the river. The officer who has been mentioned took Temple's sword courteously, and gave him the freedom of the deck. Harry was only requested to give his parole that he would not try to escape.

The schooner was bound up the river, but her destination was not far away. Arriving there, she was going back to New York again.

Temple, however, was near Clara, and that was enough. He could look at her, hear her voice, and murmur low words to her, and receive her replies as he passed near her. Clara was afraid to disobey her father by allowing too much attention, but the vessel was small, and old Wells could not prevent them now.

"Courage," whispered Clara, as Temple passed near her—she was going down into the cabin.

The face of the officer had won her confidence. He was a major, and the prisoners were under his control. The lieutenant of the schooner had nothing to do with them.

Seeing that Clara had something to say to him, he bowed courteously and handed her a chair.

"Madame," said he, "I am Major André, aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, and I hope you will not hesitate to make use of my services to the utmost, for your own comfort and welfare."

Clara was encouraged by his amiable manner, his winning smile, and his chivalrous air.

"I hope you will not think me presumptuous; but I have led a friend into danger, and I wish to see if he cannot escape it."

"Ah—who?"

"The young American officer."

"Captain Temple?"

"Yes."

André at once evinced the deepest interest, and respectful sympathy.

"He heard that I was coming down the river. My father did not take an escort, for he thought that a small boat like ours, with only two women and two men, would escape notice, and go onward in safety."

"That was very wrong," said André, "he should never have left without sufficient force to protect you."

"So Captain Temple thought," said Clara. "My father and he have had a difficulty. He did not offer his services to my father, but came in another boat and watched our progress."

"Good!" cried André, who seemed to have found out how matters stood.

"We had passes, and we got over the American district in safety. At last we came to this part, where it is more disturbed."

"Yes, here is the real danger."

"And here we were suddenly attacked by two boats filled with armed men. Captain Temple was on the other side of the river, for he was very anxious to avoid forcing his services on us."

"I understand."

"But he saw the the boats coming. Instantly he turned and reached us before they did. And now," said Clara, while her eyes lightened up, and her rich voice grew tremulous with enthusiasm, "you should have seen him meet those men.

"They had two boats, and nearly twenty men, he one boat and only nine men. They called on him to surrender. Instead of that he poured a volley into both boats, dashed against the nearest and upset it, wheeled and caught the other before it could escape; and, almost before we knew that we were safe, he had taken them prisoners, pinioned them, and sent them away under the care of two of his crew."

"Glorious!" cried André, catching all Clara's own enthusiasm. "A gallant act! a noble deed!"

"Then he resumed his journey, but kept nearer to us. And it was shortly after this that you appeared!

"His men escaped, but he was so anxious to see us in safety, that he threw his own chance away, and allowed himself to be taken."

André heard no more, springing to the companion-way, he called out:

"Captain Temple."

Temple turned and saw André beckoning to him.

He descended.

André held out his hand and caught that of Temple's, and wrung it heartily.

"I thought you were a common prisoner of war," said he; "when I found you I thought you were out on an ordinarily hostile errand.

"But I find that you have come down the river as a voluntary escort to a lady. I know all. I have heard of the way you fought. Be assured the story of that gallant action has not suffered through its narrator.

"If you were out on duty, I could not let you go. But as you came out from a noble desire to protect the weak, in a matter that concerned neither of these opposing causes, God forbid that I should detain you. Here, my noble friend, take your sword, and accept my apologies. You are free, you can leave when you please."

Temple listened in amazement. At last he understood it all. He wrung André's hand again, exclaiming:

"You are a glorious fellow. I wish that I could ever hope to return your generosity."

"I hope I may never be in the position to need it," said André, with a gay smile, and he hurried out of the cabin.

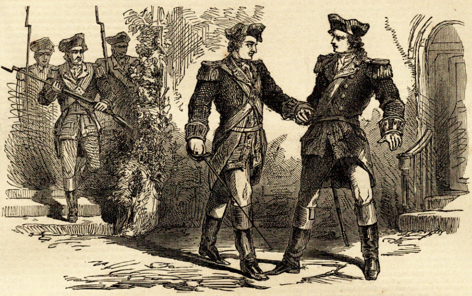
"The noble fellow," cried Harry, looking after him. "Who could expect this?"

"Ah!" cried Clara, "you are safe."

"And I owe this to you."

"Do I not owe two lives to you. One saved from the fire, and another this day from those savage marauders?"

"Pooh! if we count up our obligations we will never stop. I owe all my happiness to you, and blessed thoughts by day, and sweet dreams by night."



THE ARREST

"Have you quite forgiven me?"

"I have forgotten," said Harry. "I only remember you as you are now."

"Forget and forgive."

"You thought we would never meet again. Did I not say that we would?"

"Ah, we have again to separate; and when shall we meet again?"

"At least you will be safe in New York, and we can live in hope. If we are severed for a year, we can bear it now. I know that you are true, and, as for you, do you not believe that I am?"

"Faithful forever!" murmured Clara; "I cannot doubt."

Now Temple thought of his duties and prepared to go. After a tender interchange of vows and promises, he again sought André.

His request to be put ashore at a certain place was at once complied with.

"How can I ever repay you?" again cried Temple, full of affectionate admiration for this unexpected generosity.

"If we were on the same side," said André, "we could be warm friends, but since we are on opposite sides, we can only think of each other with these feelings. And it is because I honor chivalry and bravery, and gallant devotion, that I can appreciate your worth."

Temple grasped his hand.

"Whatever side I am on," he said, "you have one friend who will prove his friendship with his life."

The next moment he leaped into the boat.

The boat moved quickly away, and soon touched the shore.

Clara looked in admiration upon her noble lover, and murmured to herself—

"And this man I have charged with the foulest crimes. What a base and unworthy soul is mine!"

CHAPTER XVII.

MAJOR ANDRE.

Now that she had made some amends for her former coldness, Clara became more joyous, and regained some of her olden gaiety. Even the departure of Harry Temple was less painful to her, since she knew that he had departed with a knowledge of her truth.

She did not try to account for the charges that had been made against him, but dismissed them from her mind. All that she had seen of her lover during the past few days conspired to prove to her his innate nobleness of soul. As a brave soldier, a faithful lover, and a high-toned gentleman, such as he was, she felt that the crimes which her father imputed to him were abhorrent and impossible.

Major André was charmed by the beauty, the innocence, and the *esprit* of his fair companion. Their conversation created mutual regard. He was impressed by her charming qualities, and Clara felt grateful admiration toward him.

Acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship between these two sincere and guileless hearts, and André was rejoiced to find so pleasant a companion amid the dullness of his tour.

"You seem quite familiar with America," said Clara to him, after a long conversation about the beauties of the country.

"Yes—in the few years that I have been here I have seen a great deal of it," he answered. "Besides, I was once taken prisoner, and had an opportunity of seeing more of the country than would otherwise have been possible."

"Taken prisoner!" exclaimed Clara, in surprise.

"Yes, by Montgomery, at the capture of St. Johns, at Canada. I was stripped of everything except one priceless treasure, that is dearer to me than life.

"Look," said he, in answer to the inquiring glance of his companion, and drawing a cord from his neck, he pulled out a locket from his breast.

"There it is—my treasure and my life," he continued, as he opened the locket and showed it to Clara.

It was a fair young girl—a miniature painted on ivory.

"I painted it myself, long ago," he added, as he looked at it with eager fondness. "I loved Honora when I was but eighteen, and will love her till I die. Honora was willing to become my wife, but her parents broke it off. I have only her memory, and the knowledge of her true and faithful love."

Clara listened with respectful and tender sympathy. This disclosure seemed to increase their intimacy, and establish a new bond between them. He, too, had loved and had been unfortunate. He could sympathize with her, and she with him.

"In the monotony of the camp," resumed André, "or in the perils of the campaign, I have this portrait to accompany me, and beguile many a weary or a melancholy hour. It carries me back to the days when I was a mere lad, and first met Honora. She was so sweet and so beautiful that she seems to me the image of celestial purity. When I think of death or imagine the angels of Heaven, they all seem to me as glorified beings, with the face and the expression of Honora."

"You have kept that portrait well," said Clara.

"I wear it next my heart. For years it has lain there. At the capture of St. Johns I put it in my mouth, and so preserved it. I would part with life before I would give it up."

He seemed to take great delight in confiding to Clara all his history. He told her of his mother and sisters, described his love, and all his hopes and fears, related his history since he came to America, and showed her his plans and hopes for the future. Although he hoped for honor and glory from the war, yet he looked forward to its close with eager impatience, so that he might return to his beloved England.

"I am on the eve of a great achievement now," said he, "which will have an effect on my fortunes."

"What is it?" asked Clara.

"It is an undertaking that is attended with some danger, but which will be of infinite service to my king and country, and gain glory for myself. I am not going on this purpose to-day. I will have to return to New York first, but in a few days I will go."

"Is it a military expedition?"

"No; this one needs only secresy, caution and coolness."

"Do you go alone?"

"Yes."

"What can you do alone against the Americans?"

"Oh, I am not going out in the style of a knight-errant," said he, with a smile. "I go to treat, to deliberate——"

"And plot?" asked Clara, with a sudden suspicion.

"*Plot* is an ugly word, but I suppose it is the only one that can be applied to this business."

"Who among the Americans is base enough to consent to this?"

"One who is a brave officer and a popular hero; he repents of being a rebel, and is anxious to return to the shadow of the old flag."

"Is it possible that any can be found among them base enough to do this?"

"It is possible."

"He cannot do much injury, then. He is probably some worthless fellow who fancies that his services have been slighted, and is anxious to strike a bargain with King George for his worthless adherence."

"You are mistaken. This man is neither worthless nor insignificant. His services have been brilliant, his name is illustrious, his power and influence great. His defection will be a crushing blow. The country will sink beneath it. Faith will die out, and no man will know whom to trust."

"The country's heart is strong," said Clara, "and there are enough true patriots to fight the battle through. If twenty or a hundred should become traitors, it will not shake the resolute courage of those who remain true."

"I grant all that."

"How then can the country be ruined?"

"His treason is not all."

"What else is there?"

André paused for a moment, as if thinking. He was indeed deliberating whether it was wise to talk over public affairs with a young girl, and an American too. But he recollected that her father was a noted Tory, and in the very centre of every plot and scheme that had been started for years. He thought that Clara would have sufficient experience with treasonable correspondence in her own house, to escape feeling any surprise at this. She had also been brought up as a fanatical Loyalist, and a firm believer in the Divine Right of Kings.

After all, he thought, this little girl will never be able to divulge the secret, even if she wished to, for she is now among us.

He felt a desire for her sympathy in the expedition which was before him, and about which his mind was already filled with mournful presentiments.

"What else is there?" repeated Clara.

"My expedition," he answered, "is about something more important than the winning over of a mere man. He could join us by coming to us, and none of our officers need run any risk. But more important things are in view. There are certain points in every scene of war, the possession of which gives the supremacy in the field. Those who hold them can be absolute masters, and it often happens that a whole war will be about one place.

"There is such a place not many miles from here. While the Americans have it they are masters, but if we could get it we would gain the acendancy over all this district, and not only this, but we would sunder their chain of forces, and break their line of strength—all the long maturing plans of Washington would be broken up in one moment, and the revolution put down completely."

Clara turned as pale as death.

"And this will be delivered up?"

"It will."

"Is it possible that so infamous a traitor can exist? Poor, poor unfortunate country!"

"Why—I believe that you are a little rebel after all," said André with a smile, "in spite of your Loyal training."

"In spite of my Loyal training," said Clara, "I cannot forget that I was born here. This is my country, and Washington and all the patriots are my countrymen. With whom ought I to sympathize?"

"Why, with none but your own people—your heart, your hopes, and your prayers will all be with them."

"They are—they are."

"A true heart like yours could not feel otherwise. Our country before all else. If I were an American I would have to fight against the king—my sword should be drawn in support of the land where I was born, and my arm should fight side by side with my brethren."

"Oh how is it possible that with such noble sentiments you can take part in so base an action."

"It is base—black—and foul beyond all words to express; but think for a moment. I love my country, I honor my king, and I fight for them. I am sworn to sustain their cause. This traitor offers to betray his country to us. It will destroy the rebellion, restore the king's supremacy, and reinstate my country's flag. What are we to do?"

"What!" cried Clara—"why, uphold honor, before all else—keep your flag stainless and pure before everything. Send the traitor's proposal to Washington, and let him see how you scorned to take mean advantages."

"Tell Washington!" cried André. "You are an enthusiast."

"Nothing is lost by upholding honor," said Clara.

"I value honor more than life; but here we are forced to avail ourselves of this advantage. The dishonor is not communicated to us—it is the traitor's only. And for him it will be an unutterable curse. His name will be loathed in this age, and his memory execrated throughout all time."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WASHINGTON AND TEMPLE.

Harry Temple had been put ashore within a short distance of King's Bridge, the very place to which he was bound. Making the best of his way there, he soon reached a farm house at which Washington was stopping at that particular time.

His errand and name being announced he was at once admitted.

Washington was there with only Colonel Hamilton in the room. Both of them appeared to be somewhat troubled.

He greeted Captain Temple in a friendly manner, and taking the dispatch, read it over carefully. It was of no particular importance, since Arnold had sent it more for the sake of putting Temple in danger than for any information it might contain.

Washington made inquiries about West Point and about Mrs. Arnold, after which he sank into a reverie.

"It is now the middle of September," said Washington; "I must leave at once for Hartford to arrange with Rochambeau about the junction of our forces. I think I had better set out to-morrow."

He paused while an expression of deep anxiety came over his face.

"It seems to grow worse every day," said he. "The enemy must have spies among our inmost circle."

Temple started.

"*Why* so?" said Hamilton.

"Because I am thwarted as though by deliberate design. My plans are disarranged before they can begin to be executed; and this has been repeated so often that it has become a matter of deep anxiety in my mind. The man who thus gives information to the enemy, will strike a harder blow—and what if the plans which I make now with Rochambeau should also be divulged to Sir Henry Clinton."

"Is there no possibility of finding out the guilty one?"

"I am baffled thus far. The plans that have been communicated to the enemy are such as are known to a very few of us. We are all equally interested in keeping them inviolably secret. It is not very likely that I would divulge them to Clinton, is it? or you, Colonel Hamilton, or Knox, or Arnold, or Putnam, or Lafayette; and yet some of these plans which have been communicated to the enemy are known to no other human beings but ourselves, so far as I have any knowledge."

"If this is so," said Hamilton, "then you must conclude either that one of us is a traitor, or that these plans have not been divulged."

"That is a painful dilemma," said Washington, "and of course I must believe that the plans are not divulged. But there is the fact. I am thwarted, anticipated, opposed in my measures. Now if the genius of the British commander was such that he anticipated my plans, or by his own military skill hampered my movements, it would be different, but Clinton has not so high an order of genius as this. There must be communication with him. You state the dilemma in too strong a way, Hamilton—the conclusion that I come to is that there are spies among us who are able to find out some of our chief secrets."

During this conversation Temple had been present an anxious listener. The important intelligence that he had overheard now seemed to burst within him. And yet he did not dare to tell it, even in this great necessity. He had not the courage to avow that he had been a listener to the conversation of others.

Nor could he dare to suggest any one. He would not venture to accuse one so trusted and so famous as Benedict Arnold. What testimony could he adduce, or how could he excuse what would seem like the basest slander.

He felt like a traitor himself. He felt as though he were sharing in this atrocious plot. He saw the toils slowly being enveloped around his loved country, and yet he could not make up his mind to speak.

"Where have you been during this past five or six weeks?" asked Washington, at length.

"At West Point."

"You have not been away?"

"No."

"Have you met with any intelligence about the 'Triad?'"

"Not a word."

"Have you heard nothing about them at all?"

"Only rumors."

"Rumors—and to what effect?"

"That they are still busy. I have understood that they carry constant information to the enemy."

"That has been my own suspicion," said Washington. "Here is a secret band—no one knows anything about it—no one knows their leaders. It is said that they are Indians, and again that they are disguised Tories. All who have strayed into their hands, or opened their eyes upon their assembly, have been put to death, and marked as formerly the Vehmegericht marked their victims. In connection with this, we see that communication is carried to the enemy constantly, yet secretly. One seems to belong to the other. The treasonable correspondence seems to be the work of this secret gang. Now who is the head of this, and who the chief lead r and mover of this secret power?"

"If we could but discover that," said Hamilton.

"I thought a few weeks since that I could not spare men to go off and hunt these miscreants up. But it has grown to such importance that I can neglect t no longer. They must be followed, diligently and remorselessly, by night and day, by a picked company of the most vigilant men that we have. These men must act as secretly as possible. They must be armed, yet disguised, and known only as farmers or traders."

"That is the most effective plan to destroy them," said Hamilton.

"You once proposed yourself as leader to a band of resolute men," said Washington, turning to Temple. "Are you of the same mind still?"

"No service could be more acceptable," said Temple, joyously.

"Then I will appoint you at once to this duty. Think over all the resolute men that you know, and come to me to-morrow."

Upon this Temple rose, and with exultant feelings went out.

CHAPTER XIX.

DANGER.

That same morning Gondo entered Arnold's apartment in the house near West Point.

"So you have returned," said the latter, with much satisfaction.

"Yes."

"Have you anything decisive yet?"

"I think so."

He laid a paper in Arnold's outstretched hand.

"It seems so difficult to have a meeting that I am almost in despair. You know that we had arranged to have an interview at Dobb's Ferry, when the British fired and compelled me to return. That broke it up for that time. I tried to get André to come here, but he wouldn't."

"Is this message definite?"

"Well, somewhat—André consents to come again and see if we cannot arrange a meeting on board the British vessel."

"When Washington is out of the way, it will be easier to arrange the meeting."

"Yes—I am waiting for that with much anxiety."

"I am afraid that there is trouble."

"How?"

"Washington suspects."

"Suspects!"

"Yes—strongly."

"How is that possible?"

"Some of his plans have been counteracted so quickly that he is certain they have been betrayed. He is thoroughly roused, and if he once gets on the track, he will follow it out, no matter who is guilty. He is so quiet and cautious in his investigation that I dread it."

"It does look dangerous, too."

"I have a plan, if you will allow me to propose it."

"Most certainly; say on."

"You must sacrifice some one."

"Sacrifice! Why?"

"To settle the guilty man, and stop further examination."

"That would be a wise plan, if it could be done."

"It can be done."

"How can it be proved?"

"I have found a man who has, by his own indiscretion, raised against himself a weight of proof that must crush him."

"Impossible."

"It is true."

"Who is he?"

"Henry Temple."

"Captain Temple! why, man," cried Arnold, "I thought you had put him out of the world by this time."

"No; he escaped us."

"Well, you ought to let the poor devil go then."

"Oh, this is your affair now," said Gondo. "You are as much interested in sacrificing him as I—and more."

"Well—go on; but first tell me how in the world he managed to escape."

"By disobedience to orders."

"Disobedience!"

"Yes, mark that. You told him to go by land—he went by water."

"Why?"

"Because he is in love with Clara Wells—in love with a Tory's daughter, remember that. He neglected his general's orders."

"And so he escaped?"

"Yes. I found it out, and hurried down to a place where I got two boats ready, and got twenty determined fellows to attack him——"

"What—attack him single-handed?"

"Oh, no; he had eight men."

"Eight against twenty! and yet he escaped! How is that?"

Gondo related the attack and Temple's victory with bitter mortification. Arnold listened with a flashing eye.

"That fellow is a hero!" he cried, in a burst of involuntary admiration. Then he fell into a fit of laughter at the idea of his capturing these men and taking them prisoners.

"There is another reason yet," said Gondo. "He is too keen to be about here at an important juncture like this. To get rid of him will be to ensure your own safety in a double sense."

"Oh, by all means let's get rid of him then," cried Arnold.

Gondo's dark face assumed an air of malignant triumph worthy of a fiend.

"When does Washington leave?" he asked.

"In a day or two, on the 18th."

"And you will see him before?"

"Of course."

"When?"

"Now, if you like. I think I had better go over to-day."

"By all means, and let this precaution be taken. For, unless there is something of this kind done, Washington will surely put things in a train to discover everything. Besides, as long as that man is in West Point he will be a serious obstacle."

"I entirely agree with you," said Arnold, "as to the propriety of crushing this youngster. Attention and suspicion will all settle upon him of necessity, and the work can go on uninterruptedly."

"Let us, then, make all the haste we can," said Gondo, "so that this may be done while there is time."

"Where is he?"

"With Washington, just now;" and Gondo related how Temple had landed from the British vessel.

It did not take long to make preparations. In a very little time the boat was ready, and Arnold went forth with his diabolical companion to crush the unsuspecting young soldier.

Meantime Harry Temple was deliberating about the men whom he should choose for the enterprise which Washington had committed to him. He marked down the name of each as it occurred to him, and then re-examined the list.

Exultant, hopeful, joyous, looking upon fame and honor as certain, all seemed bright in the future. He saw not the messengers of evil that were rapidly drawing near to envelop the scene in a deep gloom.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ARREST.

Washington was still there, and when Arnold arrived in company with Gondo, they found him dictating correspondence. He welcomed them with his usual urbanity.

"I have come on business of some importance," said Arnold.

"I hope there is no bad news."

"It is partly bad and partly good. You have frequently complained about certain suspicions which you had concerning treacherous correspondence with the enemy. Every true patriot will be troubled at such a thought. I have done my utmost to discover some trace of this painful business."

"And what is the result?" asked Washington, with marked eagerness.

"I am sorry to say suspicion falls heavily upon a young officer whom I have always highly valued, and who has been in intimate connection with me, and with you also, if I mistake not."

"To whom do you refer?"

"Captain Harry Temple."

Washington did not say a word. Whatever moved that great soul—whether to joy or grief—no trace of emotion was visible externally.

"I should be sorry to arrest him without sufficient cause," said Washington, after a short pause.

"The cause is unfortunately too strong," said Arnold.

"Go on."

"A day or two since I gave him a dispatch for you. I ordered him to go by land, over a certain route, and on horseback, and alone. These were necessary precautions. Instead of obeying orders, he took a boat, took eight farmers, and sailed down the river."

"A grave act of insubordination," said Washington.

"It seems that he is in love with the daughter of Wells, who is anything but a safe man to be connected with. It is true, that out of pity for this Wells, whose house was burned and sacked by a Philadelphia mob, I gave him hospitality. But I know the man well—he is a rank, fanatical Tory.

"Temple sailed down the river in company with this man?"

"They went down for some distance in safety, until they reached a point where two guard-boats of our men put off. They wished to examine them, I presume, as usual

"Temple's men, although farmers, were all excellent marksmen. As the two boats approached, these men leveled their pieces at the unsuspecting guards.

"Upon being hailed, Temple, without a word, commanded his men to fire.

"They fired, and every shot struck. Before they could recover from their surprise, Temple drove his boat violently against the nearest of the two, where all was confusion, and sunk her. The other fell an easy prey. He took the crew, bound them, and sent them up to me. Of course I released them."

"What reason did he assign to you for capturing them?" said Washington.

"He said that they were marauders.

"The worst of this is yet to come."

"It must be bad indeed, then," remarked Washington.

"It is bad indeed.

"He continued further on until he approached the British vessel, 'Vulture.' His crew, who seem to be true men, at once leaped overboard and swam ashore. Temple, however, saw Wells and his daughter and servants on board, and then went on board himself."

"Went on board!"

"Yes—and he was seen, while there, talking very familiarly with the commander."

"Was the man mad?"

"He must be reckless from long impunity."

"It is probable."

"He remained on board for some time. Finally, it seems he had spent enough time on board, so he concluded to come ashore. The obliging British officer sent a boat ashore, which landed at as convenient a point as possible to this place. He then came to you, and arrived here by this circuitous route, quite as quickly as though he had gone by the road which I recommended."

"Who are the witnesses to this?"

"Captain Gondo testifies to some, other parties to the rest. They are all here. I brought them."

"This Temple, then, actually carried this dispatch on board the British vessel, and remained on board long enough for the officer to read it."

"Long enough for all on board to read it.

"I have a few more remarks to make on this subject, which I dare say will also suggest themselves to you. You remember you had suspicions, in which we all shared, about a secret band called the 'Triad.'"

"Yes."

"I think now that this man must be at the head of them. There was the painful murder of the lad Poole on the Philadelphia road. Is it not something more than a coincidence that this Temple should have gone through to Philadelphia at this very time, and that he was the one who brought the news?"

Washington leaned back in his chair with a frown on his brow.

"He also proposed to hunt up the members of this band, if I am not mistaken,"

"He did."

"Temple has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with most of the secrets of state. I know no other man, except the leading generals themselves, (and it is preposterous to suspect them of treachery,) who has access to so much important information. When such a man goes on board the enemy's vessel, with our despatches in his pocket, and stays there long enough to divulge everything, and when I know that important secrets have been divulged to the enemy, I at once am ready to fasten on this man, and say, This is the traitor."

"The conviction is inevitable," said Washton, slowly.

"Where is Temple now?"

"Here."

"Is he on duty?"

"You will be surprised when I tell you what he is doing.

"What is it?"

"He is organizing a company which is to consist of picked men, who are to devote themselves to hunting out the 'Triad' band."

Arnold looked earnestly at the commander-in-chief.

"I could laugh at this man's matchless impudence," said he, "were not all our lives in his hands. And here he is now, watching closely. The British General will know this night that you are going to Hartford; he will know by what road you intend to travel; he will know that I visited you. For this man's rashness has grown to be incredible. His next step will be to arrange for my transfer to the British, or the delivery of West Point to the Vulture."

Little did Washington then know of the meaning of these words. A short time afterwards he had occasion to recollect them all.

"His power of mischief is ended now, at any rate," said Washington, and he rose from his chair.

Harry Temple was walking up and down on a green grassplot not far away, and looking out upon the river. He had made out his list of men, he had forgotten war for the moment, and he was turning in thought to his gentle Clara.

When shall we meet again? he thought. Ah, may Heaven send me good fortune, so that I may meet her in fame and glory—so that Wells himself will freely give her to me.

The tramp of soldiers sounded behind him, and they came to a halt close by, but Temple was too much accustomed to such sounds to heed this.

A hand was laid on his shoulder.

He turned.

He saw a file of soldiers, and a sergeant held him by the arm and showed him a paper.

"Hallo, Stetson, my boy, what's up now?"

Stetson looked confused and muttered something. The men turned away their heads.

"What!" cried Temple.

He had taken the paper and read it. He read it again.

"It's a mistake. Pooh!" He handed it back.

"No, no," said the sergeant; "it's all right."

"It's a mistake, I tell you; come to the General. He'll explain."

"No," said the sergeant. "The General gave it to me himself, and told me to take you at once to the guardhouse."

Temple's face flushed, then it turned deathly white.

"Arrested!" he cried; "arrested, and by Washington's own order—as a spy!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

JOSEPH DIXON,

THE TRAPPER OF THE MISSOURI.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Joseph Dixon, a venerable resident of the state of Missouri, is one of those brave men, the relation of whose early adventures seem at this day more like the romance of fiction than the real achievements they were. One of these adventures, as related by a good old itinerant preacher, whose neighbor the trapper now is, I will narrate.

"Brother Dixon," said the preacher, "has been a great hunter, and scarcely any other man now living has been through the trying scenes and hardships of my old neighbor. One of his first adventures was the following:

"He was about twenty years of age, when his father moved with his family from Pennsylvania to the heart of the Mississippi valley, in the neighborhood of St. Louis. Here Joseph observing that the Indians who visited that town, brought large quantities of furs, which they disposed of for good prices, it occurred to him that a profitable speculation might be entered into, by penetrating into the then unknown wildnerness of the upper Missouri, in search of these furs.

"With this idea, he looked about, and among the many young adventurers who had then emigrated to the Far West, he found two or three who were willing to accompany him.

"Accordingly the partners set to work, and soon were provided with a large dug-out. They then laid in their supplies of ammunition, traps, blankets, arms, &c., and leaving St. Louis, were shortly after slowly ascending the turbid current of the Missouri. They had not proceeded many leagues, when signs of game induced them to land and set their traps, which, in the morning they found filled with beaver.

"Thus they proceeded leisurely along, trapping and drying their furs, till having more than was convenient for them to carry along with them, they *cached* them (that is, hid them) in the dry sand bluffs of the river.

"Their voyage, however, was not a pleasure trip; for the Indians ascertaining their object, became hostile, and attempted to drive them down the stream again. But by showing a bold front, sometimes fighting their way, and at others advancing under cover of the night, and having resort to various manœuvres to deceive their watchful enemies, our adventurers reached the mouth of the Sioux river, where winter having set in, they determined to await the return of spring.

"Here they dug into the side of a dry hill, and gathering a good supply of leaves and grass, made a comfortable dwelling; and game being abundant, would have passed the cold months agreeably enough, had it not been for the annoyance they experienced from the Indians.

"Spring at length arrived, and in a few days the genial sun rays would remove the icy barriers of the streams and permit the trappers to resume their voyage.

"About this time Dixon discovered that his three partners were opposed to proceeding farther among the hostile Indians; and one day he overheard a plot between them, to possess themselves of the traps, packs, and ammunition, and loading them into the canoe, desert their leader, and return to St. Louis, robbing the *caches* as they went.

"The young man was aware that alone he could do nothing to combat their determination. But for himself he resolved to remain in the country till he had accomplished the object that brought him to it.

"Therefore, without indicating any knowledge of their traitorous designs, he proceeded to provide against them. First, he secreted a number of the traps, as many as he thought he could manage alone. He then did the same with a good portion of the ammunition and some of the arms and camp articles, leaving everything else to the knaves to depart with. He even thought this would be a cheap way to rid himself of men who, it was evident, were not worthy to associate with him.

"Joseph Dixon was one of those self-reliant men, that nothing could discourage. Confident in his own capacity to overcome obstacles that would make most men despair, he preferred to be alone in that wild region, surrounded by open and avowed enemies, to continuing in company with those in whom he could no longer trust.

"The river was open, and but little floating ice was running, when one morning, Dixon thinking it was a favorable time for his worthless companions to steal away, took his rifle, and saying he should be absent till night in search of game, left the cavern. As he expected, on his return the place was vacant, and everything of value, which he had not previously secreted, had disappeared, together with the dug-out. His partners, with their plunder, had indeed deserted him, and were then on their way toward St. Louis.

"Congratulating himself with the thought that he was now his own master, with none to embarrass his motions, Joseph, with his ax on one shoulder and his trusty rifle on the other, started to the river bank, and in a few hours completed another canoe, and was once more ready to resume his voyage.

"He still continued up the Missouri, trapping and *caching*, as he proceeded, the fur he obtained, and occasionally having a brush with the Indians as he passed their villages. The hair-breadth escapes, and other strange adventures the solitary trapper passed through, would scarcely be credited were they related; and I shall therefore omit them, telling only the incident of this excursion he is most fond of relating.

"He had finally penetrated to a region where not only were beaver and other game very abundant, but one which the Indians had not yet visited.

"Here he encamped, and commenced a very successful trapping campaign. Every morning his traps each produced a pelt, and the skins were the largest and best he had yet taken.

"Through the season his good fortune continued. But at length the approach of cold weather warned him that it was time he thought of returning to the settlements. With this intention he had reached his former wintering place, when the river being obstructed with ice, he found himself obliged to take possession again of his old quarters.

"Being now in the vicinity of his old enemies, and knowing that his chance of obtaining game through the winter would be rather slim, surrounded as he probably would be by the Indians, the first thing he did on arriving and landing his effects was to procure all the meat he would require for the winter, and lay it up in his cavern before they should learn of his return.

"This he accomplished, and making all as comfortable as possible, he was prepared to await the slow coming of Spring.

"It was fortunate he had done so, for although from some cause the Indians did not molest him, the season was a remarkably severe one, and for several months the earth was buried deep in snow.

"His cave had been excavated in the northern side of the hill, and the strong glare of the sunlight upon the snows produced an excessive inflammation of his eyes, which prostrated him and nearly destroyed his sight. In this condition he would have fallen an easy victim to his old enemies had they been about. But, as he himself expressed it, 'though without the companionship of his kind, a watchful Providence was with him.'

"At length he lost his vision altogether, and utterly helpless and hopeless, he laid himself down upon his blankets, and for the first time in his life prayed—prayed that he might die. Long days and nights, which were alike dark to him, he lay thus, hoping for the death that would not come.

"One day, while in this wretched condition, he had a dream that made a great impression upon his mind; and for two or three days the dream was repeated. He thought a benevolent angel stood in the door of his cavern, and pointed to a certain tree that grew close at hand, telling him to make a decoction of its bark, and wash his eyes.

"He obeyed the directions of his angel visitant—for such he still insists was the spirit of his vision. After, with much effort, reaching the tree, the location of which he well remembered, he prepared the wash. The result was the complete restoration of his sight, and removal of all inflammation.

"Thankful for his restoration, Dixon fell upon his knees and returned thanks to that protecting Providence that had watched over him and saved him from a terrible, lingering death.

"From that moment he promised to devote himself to the service of the Lord, and that promise, made there alone in the wilderness, with no other witnesses than Him he invoked, he has ever faithfully kept.

"When the spring once more opened upon him, he recommenced his leisurely and careful descent of the river, trapping as he went; till at length, such astonishing good fortune had attended him, he was obliged to desert his little canoe and build a larger one, capable of receiving his numerous pelts. Having filled this to its utmost capacity, he now determined to hasten his return to St. Louis.

"As he was passing an Indian village, near the mouth of the Platte, the savages beckoned to him to land, making signs of friendship. But the wary trapper had had a fight at this same point on ascending, and he chose to keep to the middle of the stream, hoping thus to pass the place without further trouble. Seeing this three of the Indians sprang into a canoe, and with their weapons pulled hotly in pursuit.

"For a while the trapper gained upon them, and would have escaped, had he not unfortunately grounded on a sand bar; and before he could get his heavily-loaded dug-out afloat again, they were upon him, and the three discharged their arrows at him, two of which passed through the muscles of his right arm, almost disabling him. But quick as thought he managed to fire his rifle, and killed one of his assailants, and then with one hand, clubbing the gun, dispatched the second Indian.

"All this while the savages on shore were running to the banks opposite to them, and when they arrived began to pour a shower of arrows into the boat. Seeing this, and rendered strong by desperation, he seized upon the third Indian, who was a tall, stalwart savage, wrested his knife from his hand, and throwing it into the river, held him with one hand between him and the shore Indians as a shield, while, with an effort almost superhuman, he managed with the other to push his craft into deeper water, and found himself once more afloat.

"He now dashed the huge savage to the bottom of the boat, and with the breech of his gun battered out his brains; and having reached the mid-channel, out of the reach of the Indians' arrows, he cast the corpse into the muddy waters.

"The brave trapper, after this affair, travelled no more by day, but lay quietly under the shelter of the islands, resuming his voyage as soon as the shadows of night fell over the river.

"Thus proceeding, passing numerous villages of the red men, he at length reached St. Louis where he found himself the owner of several thousand dollars' worth of furs.

"His knavish partners were never after heard of. They doubtless fell into the hands of the Indians, and were massacred."

THAT POOR CHILD.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Yes, dead! Dead as the Cæsars! Shot himself through the heart, and was found fallen forward against his desk, with his life-blood streaming over the mass of papers that had convinced him of his ruin."

"How sad! And was he absolutely bankrupt? What is to become of his wife and children?"

"Indeed, that is more than I can say. Mrs. Stapleford, you know, is a confirmed invalid. The children are all young. Minnie, the eldest, cannot be over seventeen. I should say there were none of them able to do anything for themselves, unless it were she."

"That poor child! You might as well talk of a two-year old baby supporting itself! But I suppose they have some relations who will come forward. By the way, dear, Mrs. Harrison has sent her bill—two hundred and ten, I think. Can you let me have the money this morning?"

"Pretty steep that, isn't it? I haven't the amount by me. Drive round to the office when you go out, and I will give you a check."

So the giddy, fashionable Mrs. Grandon and her husband dismissed from their minds the unfortunate family whom they had once, and not long since, classed among their own circle of intimates. It is true, they had not met often of late, for Mrs. Stapleford had been ill a long time, and her husband, naturally quiet and reserved, had been gloomy and forbidding towards all his associates for many months. Amidst the whirl and excitement of society, to be out of sight is to be out of mind most emphatically. The winter festivities were about to commence when the ruined man had dared to inflict upon himself the suicide's doom, and long before the spring opened, he and his were as completely forgotten by nearly all who had once known them, as if they had all ceased to exist.

Meanwhile, what had become of the family of unfortunates? How had they passed the long months of that winter, pronounced by Mrs. Grandon and her friends to have been one of "unexampled gayety."

Scarcely were the sad obsequies of the suicide ended, than they found themselves compelled to quit the house they had so long called their home. It was no longer theirs, and on finding themselves transferred to the lodgings they had selected, in an obscure street, they found that they possessed nothing beyond the income of a small legacy bequeathed by a distant relation to the eldest boy, and a scanty supply of furniture yielded to them by their father's creditors.

Their own personal ornaments, legally their property, Mrs. Stapleford and her daughter had given up, and in return some of the creditors, who were by nature compassionate, and by habit friendly, had presented Minnie with the excellent cabinet piano which had been her father's last birthday gift to her.

No sooner were these changes made, than the question so carelessly asked by Mrs. Grandon, on hearing of their misfortunes, of what they were to do, forced itself upon them. The children were too young to afford any answer to this, except the eldest boy of thirteen, who talked of his "fortune" as if it were inexhaustible. Mrs. Stapleford was sure that they must starve, and could only fold her hands and assume an expression of resigned waiting for that catastrophe. But Minnie, the bright, happy, careless school-girl; Minnie, the "poor child;" Minnie, whom sudden care and sudden misfortune had transformed into a thoughtful, active woman, alone had her ready answer. She would work—she had been learning all her life. She had been taught much, and she would now teach others.

Minnie had not much—in fact, she had no sympathy in her home. Mrs. Stapleford said that it was absurd for her to think of teaching. Such a child! What could she teach, or who would employ her? Besides, she needed her at home. She could not look after the younger children herself, and Betsy, the maid, had no time. And then she was so subject to sudden attacks of illness.

To all this Minnie replied that she would try to get pupils, small children, in music, at home, and then she should not be obliged to leave her mamma. She did obtain a few, but the constant drumming of the little awkward, unpractised hands upon the piano made Mrs. Stapleford nervous, and she was cross and petulant with the children, and their parents removed all but one or two of them.

It was no better with the classes in reading and history that Minnie established. The poor child soon found that to have pupils at home was an impossibility.

Still so young, still with the air almost of a child, the poor girl, upon whom so early the heavy burden of care and toil had fallen, was driven beyond the precincts of her humble home to seek the employment necessary to the support of the family. Thus Minnie became a daily governess, going out at stated hours to give lessons wherever she could find employers, a drudgery not less disagreeable than dangerous, but cheerfully encountered for the sake of those who found their almost sole dependence in her efforts.

Minnie's first place was at the house of Mrs. Lorimer, a would-be fashionable, who clung persistently to the outer rim of that charmed social circle she could never enter.

Hard indeed was Minnie's task in the house of Mrs. Lorimer. All her gentle patience, all her courage and strength were required to subdue the rebellious instincts of the little savages consigned to her care. But the poor child, after an exhausting morning there, would hasten home to perform a thousand acts for her mother's comfort, to listen to her complaints and reproaches while she swallowed her frugal lunch, and then hurry away to the schools where she gave "hours" to instruction during the afternoon.

It was a hard life for one so young, and the future promised no relief. The children must be fed and clothed. Charley must be sent to school, to prepare him for business, (the others she contrived to teach herself, at irregular hours,) her mother's comfort provided for—in short, the burden of the family cares and troubles lay heavy upon her girlish hands. But duty lay plain before her; she dared not turn from it, nor, in her generous self-sacrifice, had she such a wish.

Minnie was approved as a teacher in an evening school, that was the one pleasant thing in her life. But now came the real danger of her position. Of this she had known something before. A beautiful girl, humbly clad, and bearing in face and general mien the insignia of a life of toil, is a fair mark for those men who disgrace their name and office by offering insolence where they should protect.

Minnie had been used to repel impertinence in her daily walks, and had often felt bitterly the helplessness of her lot who must be her own protector, at the same time that she involuntarily plays the part of tempter. But now that she was forced to walk the city streets at night, often alone, since Charley could not always accompany her, she faltered often, and her very heart grew faint in the task that she had assumed. Her bitterest foe, in this long season of trial, was Richard Clay, the brother of Mrs. Lorimer.

He had long persecuted the helpless girl. Beneath his sister's roof he had frequent opportunities until Mrs. Lorimer herself interfered to protect her protégée, and Mr. Lorimer, whom he had defrauded in some business transaction, drove him from his house. It was not long after this occurrence, when he had already sunk into a course of degraded dissipation, that Minnie began to give evening lessons, and being once encountered by him, found herself constantly waylaid and subjected to his insolence.

He contrived to learn all her hours. He bribed Charley, quite unsuspicious of any evil in so rich and generous a gentleman, to neglect his attendance, and he absolutely invaded the humble home, in Minnie's absence, and ingratiated himself with the invalid, whom he persuaded that he wished to marry Minnie, and provide a handsome home for the family.

"Poor child," indeed! It is wonderful that courage did not quite fail her in this crisis. Emboldened by her mother's favor, her persecutor left her no peace. Day after day he followed her in her walks, or established himself in her home. Night after night he eluded the vigilance of Charley, now enlisted on his sister's side, and even, by his pertinacious attendance, lost her one or two of her best engagements. Gradually Minnie felt herself drawn within his power. The breath of scandal had touched her lightly—only that she was too friendless to excite interest, she would have felt it more witheringly.

Charley had gone to another city, apprenticed to an old friend of his father's to learn business. Minnie, deprived of even this youthful protector, was fast sinking into despair, but still impelled by necessity to her thankless tasks. Clay followed her nightly to the only school where she now taught, and was always found waiting as she emerged from its door to return home. She resolved finally, let what would come, to give up this engagement, since she could not otherwise escape this man, who grew daily bolder in his sinful persecution.

"I wish to close my engagement," she said, timidly, to the principal of the school, as she stood in the hall, tying her bonnet with trembling hands. "I cannot go out evenings any more. My brother is now absent, and——"

"Surely I know that voice!" exclaimed a gentleman, who was standing near, bidding good night to two pretty little girls, who clung to him, and called him papa. "Pardon me, professor, but allow me to ask if this is not my old friend Stapleford's daughter. Is it not Minnie, herself? My dear child, how you are altered! I should not have known you but for your voice."

"But I remembered you very well, Mr. Grandon," Minnie replied, giving him her hand, very shyly, however, for she was accustomed to little consideration from her old friends.

"You surely do not come here alone, Miss Minnie," said Mr. Grandon, after the interchange of a few sentences of inquiry. "Permit me, at least this night, to see you safely to your mother, and, if it be not too presumptuous, to say that you should never come out thus unprotected again."

Richard Clay, as usual loitering in the neighborhood, presently presented himself, but soon shrunk away under Minnie's rebuff, and Mr. Grandon's stern inquiry. Minnie, delighted to find a friend in her despair, told him all, and he promised to free her from her persecutor on one condition only, that she should not again go out by night, a promise that Minnie readily gave, since she had herself closed the engagement.

Under Mr. Grandon's efforts and active benevolence, the aspect of Minnie's life suddenly brightened. He proposed that she should remove, with her mother and the family, to a commodious house in the suburbs, where his own little daughters, and those of some of his friends, should be sent as day scholars. Minnie gladly acceded, and even Mrs. Stapleford was won over by the prospect of additional comforts for herself.

But the trials of the poor child were not yet over. Taking advantage of the secluded situation of the house, Richard Clay attempted to carry off the prize he had so long desired. Fortunately he was foiled by the unexpected arrival on the spot of Mr. Grandon, who had suddenly found "business" that brought him frequently to the suburb of evenings. Clay escaped in a considerably battered condition, and probably considering that the city was no longer a safe home for him, disappeared before the officers of the law could arrest him.

But Mr. Grandon was not satisfied, even with the knowledge of his absence. Mrs. Grandon, the giddy, thoughtless wife of his youth, had long been dead. His home was desolate. It needed a mistress, he needed a companion, a friend, and Minnie needed a home and a protector. So he persuaded himself, and it was not a very hard task to persuade others concerned. "That poor child," after all her vicissitudes, sat at last at the head of that very table where, years before, she had been mentioned with such contemptuous pity.

"A fine plan to obtain a governess and housekeeper," commented Mrs. Lorimer, when she heard of the marriage. "Now Mrs. Stapleford is dead, Minnie will have nothing to do but teach his children, and her own little brothers and sisters. Poor child, she is fit for nothing else."

But the good lady soon found that the "poor child," her once despised governess, was destined to assume a high and honorable position in the love of an excellent husband, and the approval of the best society.

THOU ART NOT LISTENING NOW.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I cannot, as in former years,
Sing that familiar strain,
For at each note my tears fall thick
And fast as April rain.
There is a sorrow in my heart,
A shadow on my brow,
The joys of earth are naught to me—
Thou art not listening now.

When from the spirit of despair
I oft was forced to flee,
My heart, in its deep trustfulness,
Would turn and cling to thee;
And I my trials would unfold,
My love and faith avow;
But what avail these memories—
Thou art not listening now!

For thee, sweet love, I would have died
And suffered all alone;
If by the offering of my life,
It would have saved thine own.
But why this grief, 'tis all in vain,
And useless is each vow,
For me on earth there is no peace—
Thou art not listening now!

But hark! I hear within my soul
A whisper soft and low;
It is the echo of thine own,
When thou wert here below.
Thy spirit-presence now has chased
The shadows from my brow,
Oh, thanks be unto God, I feel
That thou art listening now!

◆

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

Why didst thou choose the cursed sin—
Hypocrisy—to be set up in?
Because it is the thriving'st calling,
The only saints' bell that rings all in. BUTLER.

"You have lost no time, I hear, in making acquaintances," observed Sir Jasper Mansell to his nephew when they met at the banking-house the morning after the walk in Hyde-park.

Harold thought of Bianca, and could not conceal a momentary embarrassment; and yet he had no cause to blush.

"Nay, I do not blame you," added his uncle; "on the contrary, I approve of it, provided you make them discreetly. It is only natural," he added, "that at your age you should seek society."

"One was the companion of my boyhood at Lowelstree," said our hero, recovering his self-possession—"the son of my dear father's kindest and most valued friend."

"The *gentleman* was most unexceptionable, no doubt," replied the baronet, with a slight emphasis upon the word "gentleman." "Your aunt described him as having the air of a country squire, or some person of that kind. The ladies——"

"Were equally unexceptionable, Sir Jasper," said Harold, warmly. "I was introduced to them at the house of one of Mr. Mayfield's relations."

"No doubt of it, my dear boy—no doubt of it. Who is Mr. Mayfield?"

"The father of my friend," answered the young man, in a voice which plainly indicated his impatience at being thus questioned.

Whatever the views of the wealthy banker might be with respect to his relative, it was evidently far from his wish to irritate or offend him, for he at once changed his manner and tone.

"Do not mistake my anxiety for curiosity," he said. "Once satisfied that you have not been led into any connections which in after life you might regret, I have nothing further to observe upon the subject. My years, as well as the tie of blood between us," he added, "give me the right to watch over your welfare. Enough of this. I am not usually so demonstrative."

There appeared something so manly, straightforward, and affectionate in his speech, that but for the recollection of Sir Jasper's conduct to his cousin Harry, his nephew would have been completely deceived by it. As it was, he mentally asked himself whether he had not judged him harshly.

"By the by, Harold," continued his uncle, "Ledger tells me that the upholsterers have arranged the rooms above; shall we visit them?"

"With pleasure, sir."

There was a private as well as a public entrance to the house in Lombard-street. The former opened into a large hall, painted by Thornhill, and contained a fine old oaken staircase, hung with portraits, and two doors.

The first door communicated only with the solitary court-yard previously described.

The second, which was of iron, with the bank, completely isolating it, when closed, from the rest of the building.

"You will be quite *chez vous*, as the French say," observed Sir Jasper Mansell, as he pointed out the arrangement to his nephew.

"Quite," repeated the latter, with a smile.

The rooms above, fitted up for the reception of Harold, were large, exceedingly old-fashioned, and, despite the comfortable, we might add luxurious, style of the furniture, very gloomy. They were all situated at the back of the house, and received their light from the inclosed narrow court.

"You have been too bountiful," exclaimed our hero, as he surveyed his future abode. "Books, too! How kind! One sitting-room would have been sufficient; a dining-room was perfectly unnecessary."

"I wish you to feel satisfied," said his uncle.

"I am more than satisfied; I feel most grateful, sir."

"And make it your home," added Sir Jasper Mansell; "feel that it is your home."

"How can I ever repay such goodness," demanded his nephew.

"I am about to inform you," replied the banker. "I told you at first it is my wish that perfect frankness should exist between us."

"You did."

"I do expect a return for my kindness to you."

"I thought so," ejaculated our hero, mentally.

"What are you thinking of?" demanded his relative, who read in the eloquent features of the youth the doubt that had glanced athwart his brain.

"That I should like to hear the nature of the return you expect before I accept your bounty," replied his nephew, candidly.

"You are right," said the baronet, after regarding him earnestly; "and I am far from feeling offended at your wish. It shows character, strength of mind, prudence, tact—in fact, the very qualities I most require in you."

Harold would have given the world to smile. He thought of the fable of the fox and the crow, which his father had taught him to repeat when a child, and could not drive it from his recollection.

"It is a long history I am about to recount to you," added the speaker. "That we may not be interrupted, close the door of the outward room."

His nephew did as his uncle requested, returned, and resumed his seat in silence.

"Thirty-four years ago," said the baronet, "a double crime was committed in this very house—robbery and murder."

His hearer repeated the last word with a shudder.

"Those who investigated the deed considered it murder," observed Sir Jasper; "for my own part, I have always doubted it."

"What do you believe it to have been?" asked our hero, in a suppressed tone.

"A suicide," replied the banker. "You will understand my reasons for thinking it so as I proceed. My father-in-law, sir Joseph Imray, the founder of the bank, had two servants in whom he placed the most implicit confidence. One was the old man whose singular appearance and manner you have already observed."

"Mark Chambers?"

"The same."

Harold had felt a presentiment that somehow or other the name of the aged porter would be mixed up in the details he was about to listen to.

"The other," continued the narrator, "was his son, Clement, a young fellow of singular abilities and ardent temperament. From the day I entered the establishment, I had been greatly struck with him, and frequently assisted him—imprudently, perhaps, but I was young at the time—with funds to speculate with upon his private account."

"I understand, sir; you were friends."

"We were friends," said Sir Jasper; "and although so many years have elapsed since the dreadful event, I cannot allude to it without emotion. I recollect it as well as if it were but yesterday. I had been absent on business in Paris, and only returned to England the very night it occurred, too late to visit the bank, and proceeded to your grandfather's at Streatham, where I slept."

On hearing that his uncle, on the night of the crime, had slept under his father's roof, Harold felt, without knowing why, as if a weight had been suddenly removed from his heart—he seemed to breathe more freely.

"On my arrival in Lombard street the following morning," said the baronet, "I found everything in confusion. The bank had been broken into, a sum amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds stolen, and Clement Chambers, who slept in the strong-room, had his throat cut from ear to ear."

"Horrible!" ejaculated our hero.

So great was the agitation of the banker, that several minutes elapsed before he could resume the terrible narrative.

"Despite the reputed wealth of Sir Joseph Imray, and high character for probity," he resumed, at last, "the loss of so large a sum proved a heavy blow to the credit of the firm; and, had not his brother Zachariah and my father stepped in, he must have suspended payment. Fortunately, the numbers of the stolen notes were known; friends, after the first panic had subsided, came forward; security was given to the Bank of England for a hundred thousand pounds, and the numbers cancelled."

"I thought you said the robbery amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds," observed his nephew.

"It did; but the smaller sum was in gold."

"And never recovered?"

"Never," replied Sir Jasper. "As a matter of course large rewards were offered, and every engine set on foot to detect some clue to the perpetrators of the double crime; but it was not till years afterwards I discovered accidentally that, on the very morning of the day of the crime was committed, Clement Chambers had paid losses on the Stock Exchange amounting to twenty thousand pounds."

"He must have appropriated the gold, then," exclaimed his nephew.

"I fear so."

"And have destroyed the notes?"

"Possibly," said the baronet, musingly. "The loss, thank Heaven, is no longer a serious question with the firm. We can understand that in the commercial world, where honor is the soul of confidence, the robbery proved a blow to the credit of the house, which nothing but the enormous capital poured into it by my father and Zachariah Imray enabled it to recover. Some hinted that no robbery had ever taken place—shrugged their shoulders and smiled when it was alluded to."

"But the murder, uncle! the murder!"

"Sir Joseph never doubted that, and continued to treat Mark Chambers with the same blind confidence. A singular proof of the old man's influence over him was discovered in his will."

"He provided for him, I suppose," observed Harold.

"That would only have been just," replied the banker; "but, in addition to an annuity of fifty pounds a year, my father-in-law left him the *right* to inhabit the two chambers he had so long occupied in the house for life."

"How odd!" said our hero, musingly.

"You can understand the inconvenience of such an arrangement—it leaves me but half owner of the property. I have made Mark liberal, I may add extravagant, offers to remove—asked him to name his own terms, but in vain; the only reply I can draw from him is, that he intends to die here."

"My dear uncle," exclaimed the young man, who mentally reproached himself for the vague suspicions which, at one moment, he had entertained, "do you not think there is some terrible mystery concealed in his conduct?"

"No doubt—no doubt," muttered the banker.

"Why should he absolutely persist in remaining?"

"Who knows?"

"Does he never quit the house?"

"From the day of Sir Joseph's death," replied his relative, "he has never been known to cross the threshold."

"Do you think that he is watching *for any one, or over anything?*"

"That is what I would learn," exclaimed Sir Jasper Mansell, grasping his nephew's arm with nervous eagerness. "I would give much, even at this late day, to clear up the suspicions that the firm has outlived—lived down," he added, energetically, "given the lie to by thirty years of prosperity and integrity."

"I can understand your feelings. Whatever the secret of the dreadful night in question, the old man evidently possesses some clue to it—an imperfect one, perhaps, which time or accident may complete. It is a question of honor for you, rather than money."

"Exactly so," said the banker, whose agitation during the last observations of his nephew had visibly increased. "You can now understand why I wish you to reside here: to have an eye upon him—watch his proceedings, whether he wanders from his room at night, or quits the house—where he goes to—if any visit him."

"Is there any doubt of his integrity?" asked Harold.

"None," replied his uncle. "I would stake my life upon the honesty of old Mark Chambers."

There was a heartiness in the avowal that pleased the frank, loyal spirit of our hero, and decided him upon accepting at once the proposal of Sir Jasper, in which he could not discover anything to shock the most sensitive delicacy. To unveil, if possible, a mystery which cast a slur upon the honor of the firm, appeared a duty rather than a task; and he undertook it cheerfully.

"Thank you," said the baronet, with unaffected simplicity. "I will not speak of recompense, for if I judge your character rightly, it is the last thing that has influenced your resolution. All I shall now say upon the subject is, that you shall not repent your devotion to my interests. I think you clearly comprehend the position," he continued, after a pause. "You are to watch, as closely as you can, the proceedings of Mark Chambers, and report the result to me. Of course, I neither expect nor wish that you should desend to any meanness."

The last assurance relieved the mind of Harold from the disagreeable impression the commencement of his instretions had created.

"When will you be ready to take possession?"

"Whenever you please," said his nephew. "In two days; sooner, if you desire it."

"No; two days will do very well," answered the banker. "By-the-by, I forgot to add that Martin, the porter, and his wife will attend upon you. Look upon the house as your house—use it freely, invite your friends. Your appointments, which I have instructed Ledger to pay you quarterly and in advance, will enable you to maintain the position of a gentleman."

To the astonishment of his nephew, the cashier, when he applied for the cash, handed him no less a sum than one hundred pounds.

"There must be some mistake," he exclaimed.

"No mistake in the accounts of Mansell & Co.," observed the old man, looking, at the same time, as if he felt the supposition of such a thing as an insult.

"And do you mean to say that my uncle has instructed you to pay me, for such slight services as I can render him, four hundred pounds a year?"

"Standing credit till further orders."

"I had no idea that banker's clerks were so well paid," said Harold, as he pocketed the cash—the largest sum he had ever possessed.

John Ledger smiled at the simplicity of the speaker. He had entered the firm at a salary of a few shillings per week; but then he had not the advantage of being nephew to the principal, who had never had the use for him he had for our hero.

On turning over the circumstances in his mind, weighing and regarding them under every aspect, a new idea struck Harold.

"Had the father of Harry," he asked himself, "in any way been implicated in the robbery of the bank! Had a doubt, or the shadow of a doubt, been cast upon his honor?"

If so, however unjustifiable such a suspicion might ultimately prove, the conduct of Sir Jasper Mansell to him and to his son at least became intelligible.

"The father of poor Harry cannot have been guilty," he exclaimed, after long and painful consideration of the subject, "or mine, who was the soul of honor, would not have loved him like a brother. I will find the heart of this mystery," he added, "trace it to its hidden source, prove to my uncle that he has been deceived and acted unjustly."

At times, when he cast his eyes into the little court-yard, and saw old Mark with his pale features and venerable white hair, his heart misgave him, and the question whether there might not be a reason for his want of confidence in the baronet would arise.

"Well," said Zachariah Imray, as he entered the private room at the bank where our hero was copying the correspondence as usual, "you have not found your way, young gentleman, into Cannon street again."

Harold smiled.

"Don't care about the society of an old fellow like myself?" added the retired dry-salter in a tone of ill-humor.

"*I know how rich you are*, sir," was the reply.

"I suppose you call that wit?"

"No, sir."

"I call it impertinence," muttered Zac.

"And I," said our hero, "independence; I would rather avoid a man on account of his wealth, than court him for it. There is one blessing in being poor," he added; "poverty can believe in humanity, does not mistake the grasp of friendship for the grasp of interest—the honest, manly expression of kindly feelings for the voice of flattery."

"I told you that I did not doubt you," said Mr. Imray.

"You did, sir."

"I repeat it."

His hearer smiled.

"Invited you to repeat your visit."

"And would have suspected my motives, had I been weak enough to have taken you at your word," answered Harold, laughingly. "If I have been fortunate enough to gain your good opinion, I will not forfeit it," he added, "by giving you the pretext to accuse me of idolatry."

"Idolatry!" repeated the old man, with surprise.

"*Mammon worship, sir.*"

The reply seemed to tickle the peculiar humor of the retired dry-salter; it was a hit in his own style, and he chuckled heartily.

"Perhaps you do not like me," he observed.

"Not much as yet, sir."

"Honest, at any rate, and truthful, no doubt."

"You will believe me, then, when I add that I do not dislike you," said our hero, seriously. "The fact is, I cannot understand you; you affect to despise your fellow-creatures—now I love them; you sneer at friendship, sympathy, and kindred ties—now I have every confidence in their reality."

The features of Zachariah underwent a marked change, and he gazed upon the speaker for several instants earnestly.

"And did you ever ask yourself," he at last demanded, "what the heart and brain must both have suffered, before such convictions could have gnawed their way into them? how many hopes must have been blighted, feelings violated, confidences broken, illusions dissipated? You are but a boy, Harold Mansell," he added; "your footprints just commencing to mark the path, the path whose stages are life's passions. Judge not the aged man, whose weary steps are tottering towards its close."

"I am sorry, deeply sorry," exclaimed the youth, surprised, as well as moved, "if I have wounded you."

"One pang the more or less is scarcely worth the counting," observed Mr. Imray, with a faint attempt to smile; "speak of it no more. And now I will tell you why I take an interest in your welfare. I was the friend of your late father. You never heard him mention my name, perhaps. I am not surprised at it. We quarrelled, for he thwarted me—went against the wishes of his family; and Sir Jasper and myself abandoned him to poverty and obscurity.

"He did his duty; that much I will say for him," added the speaker. "Do me the justice to believe I acted up to mine."

"Decidedly," thought Harold, "poor Harry's father must have been suspected of the robbery—or worse, the murder—of Clement Chambers!"

"And now, Harold," said the old man, "that we have had an explanation, will you come and visit me?"

"With pleasure, sir; really with pleasure."

"To-morrow?"

"To-morrow I dine with the Rays, at Richmond. Their aunt, Mrs. General Bland, has arrived from India. Any other day you——"

"Who did you say had arrived from India?" interrupted Zachariah.

"Mrs. General Bland, sir."

"Come when you will," said the retired dry-salter, in a tone of agitation, "I shall be glad to see you;" and, without waiting a reply, he drew his hat with determination over his brow, and stalked out of the room.

"Mad!" muttered Harold; "he must be mad."

A chuckling sound startled him. He looked round, and saw Mark Chambers peering through the window at him.

"As I am," he added; "for I begin to find myself the sport of strangest fancies."

CHAPTER XIV.

Beware of the vidders, Samivel—beware of the vidders! DICKENS.

We think we have already informed our readers that Messrs. Rhimer and Ray, junior partners of a large firm in the timber trade, had married two sisters, the cousins of Harold Mansell by his mother's side. Louisa, the elder, was a fine-looking woman, with the meekness and simplicity of a child—qualities which her husband took advantage of to tyrannize over her. Not that he was really a bad man; the misfortune consisted in his being a little one. There was something magnificent in the idea of governing, and letting his friends see that he governed—in his word being law, instead of reason, to his wife. It was in the minutiæ of domestic life that he displayed this petty spirit. On any serious point really affecting her happiness, we do the gentleman no more than justice in saying that he would not willingly have thwarted her. Still the yoke galled, and there were moments when Mrs. Rhimer envied her sister's spirit.

Annie governed her husband most despotically; in fact, so much so, that it became a standing jest with his friends; and yet she had not the slightest idea of making him look ridiculous. She was pretty, girlish in her person, pure in her mind, and warm-hearted to a degree that sometimes had its inconveniences.

Mr. Rhimer had serious misgivings at times that the influence of his sister-in-law over his wife might one day break the conjugal sceptre he was so vain of wielding, and, as a natural consequence, grasped it all the firmer in her presence. As to his partner, he looked upon him as a serf—proud of his chains, or unable to shake them off.

In these ideas he was encouraged by the head of their firm, Mr. Charlton, a bachelor of fifty, who, having no wife of his own, took a prodigious interest in the domestic affairs of his two partners.

Our readers must not mistake his motives, which were simply those of curiosity, and that love of *meddlesomeness*—we believe we have coined the word—inseparable from having very little to do on one's own account, and a great deal of spare time to waste on the account of others.

Mrs. Ray, confident in her power, laughed at and quarreled with him; her sister, on the contrary, feared, and was civil to him.

In the same letter in which Mrs. General Bland announced her return to England to her nieces—whom, by-the-by, she had never seen—she informed them that their late uncle had left them fifteen thousand pounds each, to be settled upon them in any way his relict might think best and most for their advantage. It also contained a request that they would take up their abode at once at Snarle House, an old-fashioned country seat near Richmond, which her agent had purchased for her, that she might find them on her arrival.

The postscript to the letter reconciled Mr. Rhimer, after much hesitation and reflection, to the arrangement.

"My wishes must be subordinate to your husbands' decision upon the subject. Of course they will accompany you."

A woman who could feel thus properly, and who, moreover, had the power of settling his wife's legacy of fifteen thousand pounds in any manner she thought proper, was not to be disobliged, and the sisters removed to Richmond, where their husbands drove down every day after business hours.

They had been installed at Snarle House about ten days when the widow arrived.

Rhimer thought he had never seen a woman less likely to create domestic dissension than Mrs. General Bland.

From the very first interview he was delighted with her—she spoke in such soft, quiet tones, and smiled so sweetly upon him when he dictated to his wife, before starting for town, how she was to spend the day, with a minuteness at which her sister laughed.

Little did he imagine, to use a city phrase, that the lady was quietly taking stock after her own peculiar way. Being a widow, it did not require any great tact or length of time to make herself thoroughly acquainted with the *carte du pays*.

Of the three partners, the old bachelor, Mr. Charlton, alone felt that instinctive dread which the poetical Greeks looked upon as a warning against danger. The glitter of Mrs. General Bland's *butte*-winged turban exercised a painful fascination over his imagination, dazzled his brain and eyes, and after dining two or three times at Snarle House, he came to the resolution of visiting there no more.

Shakspeare asks, "Who can control his fate?" Evidently not Mr. Charlton, or he would not have permitted his partners to laugh him out of it.

But we must not anticipate the gentleman's misfortunes, or rather the very proper punishment of his meddlesome interference in the domestic affairs of poor Mrs. Rhimer.

The aunt and nieces were seated in the charming drawing-room, about ten days after the return of the former to England—the gentlemen, as usual, having left for the city. They really formed a pretty group—the widow a matronly, but still handsome woman, with sleepy eyes, which would flash occasionally, reclining upon a huge pile of cushions, called a musnud, fashionable in those days, Loo by her side, and Annie at her feet.

"I expect a visitor, aunt," exclaimed the latter, "whose acquaintance you will be delighted to make—he is such a handsome, fine-hearted young fellow."

Mrs. General Bland fixed her eyes for an instant on the open, beaming countenance of the speaker, but, perfectly satisfied with what she read there, withdrew them again.

"And who is this handsome, fine-hearted young fellow," she demanded, with a smile, "who seems to have turned your little head."

"Harold Mansell."

"You know I detest the name," answered the widow, sadly.

"Ah! but you will not detest him, aunt," replied her niece. "Harold is not the son of Sir Jasper, but of his brother, who married aunt Ellen; we are cousins, you see, and I could not do less than invite him. Why, even Rhimer likes him, he is so modest and unassuming. Doesn't he, Loo?"

"I believe so," answered her sister.

"And so do you."

"Oh, Annie! Annie!"

"I am sure you do, only you are afraid to say so," continued Mrs. Ray, laughingly. "Well, thank heaven my husband is not a jealous tyrant. Would you believe it, aunt? poor Loo does not dare love even a bird or a pet spaniel, without first obtaining her lord and master's permission."

"It is not quite so bad as that," observed Mrs. Rhimer, "although he is a little too exacting, I confess, at times."

"Have you really made that discovery?" exclaimed her aunt, in an ironical tone. "You astonish me! Considering that you have been married to him only three years, it is something remarkable."

"You jest with me."

"Jest!" repeated the widow; "if I did not love you, I should feel too indignant at your want of pride and self-respect to do anything but scold you. Have you never reflected," she demanded, "of the treason you have been guilty of to the prerogatives of your sex?"

"I never knew that we had any, aunt, after we were married."

"Who would believe, Annie," observed Mrs. General Bland, despairingly, "that your sister had been brought up in a Christian country? Such ignorance of the simplest principles of life—of the fundamental laws of domestic economy! It is really lamentable. Has she no spirit?"

"Not much, I fear," answered Mrs. Ray, laughingly.

"What can I do?" exclaimed poor Loo, imploringly. "Rhimer is so violent! and, after all, I feel convinced that he loves me."

"Such weakness," said the widow, "is pitiable. What can you do? *Crush him!*"

If the culpable Mr. Rhimer could have seen the peculiarly brilliant light that flashed from the generally sleepy-looking eyes of his wife's aunt, as she uttered these remarkable words, he would have renounced his faith in her mildness.

"Crush him!" repeated the astonished wife. "I should not know how."

"*Does not instinct tell you?* by scorn!—men feel the contempt of women more keenly than their reproaches—by paying no attention to his wishes—having your own way in everything—dressing as you please, visiting where you please, receiving whom you please—in short, by not allowing him to influence you on any one point until you have brought him to that proper state of mind Providence intended all husbands to be placed in."

"I don't wonder that my uncle rose to be a general!" said Mrs. Ray, with a burst of admiration.

"Indeed! my love."

"What lessons he must have received!"

The widow smiled and kissed her.

"The medicine must be strong," she whispered. "Your sister is too child-like to take it all; besides, I really feel indignant at the manner in which Rhimer treats her; it is positively unkind—unfeeling."

"It would never succeed, aunt," observed Louisa, with a sigh—"not even with your assistance. My husband, too, has an ally."

"Mr. Charlton?"

"Yes."

"The impertinent, horrible old bachelor!" exclaimed the general's widow.

"I should only tease him."

"Well?"

"And what good would that do?"

"Do you see that bird?" said her aunt, at the same time pointing to a magnificent parrot, which her Indian servant, a boy of fourteen, was irritating till it screamed and fluttered with rage.

"Yes, aunt."

"And how Zara is tormenting it?"

"Yes."

"It is both a lesson and an allegory, my love," continued her experienced relative. "To Too" (the name of her feathered favorite) "is fonder of Zara than of his mistress, and will accept food from no other hand. Do you understand me?"

"I think I begin to."

"Yes, I see you do. Some men are like birds—they love you all the better for teasing them. Meditate upon what you have learnt; I must conclude my first lesson, for here, I suppose, comes the visitor—the handsome young fellow your sister spoke of."

"Yes, that is Harold," exclaimed Mrs. Ray, recognizing our hero as he walked briskly up the lawn.

It was extraordinary how quickly and completely not only the manner but the expression of the aunt's countenance changed as the young man entered the drawing-room. She was once more the listless, quiet, but still observant widow, so soft in her speech, so considerate and gentle, that the most suspicious mind must have become expansive in her presence.

Without the slightest appearance of design, she led Harold to speak of his early youth, his home at Lowelstree, and Harry.

"Harry," repeated Mrs. General Bland, with a certain expression of interest, as if the name had awakened some *souvenir*. "Is your brother's name Harry?"

"It is my cousin I have been speaking of."

"A son of Sir Jasper?"

"No, of my father's sister, Mrs. Imray."

"The child died in infancy! At least, I heard so," added Mrs. General Bland, recovering the calm, apathetic tone in which she had previously spoken.

"Harry is not only living, but well," answered Harold Mansell, who began to think the widow an exceedingly agreeaale person. "At least," he said, "I have every reason to believe so."

"And what became of him when you lost your father?"

"Sir Jasper apprenticed him to the sea," answered our hero, warmly.

"The sea!" repeated Mrs. Bland. "Well, bad as the opinion I have formed of him is, I did not think him bad enough for that. The sea!" she repeated; "and I—poor boy, poor boy! It is a sad thing to be an orphan, without friends to advise or to protect you."

"Sad indeed!" repeated our hero, "sad indeed!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—*Washing:* A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linens, cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one-half the labor, and saving full one-fourth of soap; the clothes will be improved in color equally as if they were bleached. *Flannel:* Scald flannel before you make it up, as it shrinks in the first washing; much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap, and the water being too cool; never use soda for flannels. *Dyeing:* A pailful of ley, with a piece of green copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will be a fine nankeen dye, which will never wash out, and be very useful for linings of furniture. *Crapes:* Skimmed milk and water, with a bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, is excellent to restore old rusty black Italian crape; if clapped and pulled dry like muslin, it will look as well or better than new. *How to Cook a Beefsteak:* Not one cook in ten knows how to prepare a beefsteak; they neglect the grand rule, which is to separate the fat from the lean; to put it on the gridiron first, and take it off last, so as to broil it half as long again as the lean; that makes it pulpy, like marrow, and causes all to be right.

◆

WE seldom wish for what we are convinced is quite unattainable; it is just when there is a possibility of success, that wishes are really excited.

MY CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A mail!—More letters?
Why, there's quite a throng
Already gathered here, a host of duns
Upbraiding me. Am I, who've aim'd to keep
Clear of indebtedness, and never used,
Eaten, or worn, or otherwise distrain'd
What was not paid for, (so my father taught,)
Become a bankrupt?
Would there were some nook
Or kind proviso of insolvency,
Through which epistolary debtors might
Creep out, and clear themselves. Could I but pay
One dime upon the dollar, I should feel
Better than I do now.
Yet, sirs, indeed,
I've not been idle. With my slender oar
I've done my best, 'mid other toils, to stem
The advancing tide. My yearly records show
More than two thousand of these flying scrolls
Received or answered, yet enough remain
Still unacknowledged to disturb my peace.
Had I as many hands as he of old
'Yeleped Briareus, and as many lives
As modern fable gives the feline race,
They'd scarce suffice.
But courage! Try once more
To make impression on this nearest pile.
Take the first three.
"Please send your autograph."
That's quickly done. So hastily, perchance,
They'll think I've lost my eyesight, or my mind,
And call me old and silly. What of that.
Break the next envelope.
"Please send a hymn
For our Society, which holds next week
Its anniversary, and always sings
What is original."
My stranger-friend,
If you will trust me, I'll engage to find,
From Tate and Brady downwards, many an Ode
So far superior to what we indite
Who do the Muses' custom-work, that you,
With all your preference for new things, shall say,
The old are better. And besides, you know
That fashionable music often holds
The same dominion o'er the stifled words
As Hercules o'er Python. Its demands
Of trill and demisemiquaver rule
The subjugated sentiment. Rapt ears
Held captive by its magic are not sure
Whether they hear a phrase from Bonny Doon
Or Stabat Mater. So 'twill be no loss
To many listeners, if I fail them here.

"One whom we loved is dead. Send us some lines
To comfort us. And let us publish them
In our own papers."
Would that I could soothe
All mourning hearts. And I have written tomes
Of miscellaneous verse, with that intent,
Though conscious such imperfect pencillings
And broken transcripts of their excellence
Over whose cold turf-pillow grieving Love
Keeps watch with gushing tears, must ever be
A losing office. Yea, how arrogant
To come into their presence with a song
Whom God hath smitten, and alone can heal.

Here's a thick parcel, fill'd with manuscript,
Which I'm requested carefully to con
And criticise, and point some channel out
Of publication, where it will secure
The largest price.—Best choose some other trade,
If you're acquisitive, and have a wish
To handle coin. Turn to, and keep a school,
Or nurse the sick, or ply the needle's art,
For there's no occupation in this land
So little understood, or poorly paid,
As that of rhyming.
"By to-morrow noon,
Send an acrostic, please, and much oblige
One whom you never saw, but much admires
You, and your poetry."
Politely said!
Yet had we met, there might have been a truce
To admiration. Here's a triple name,
Each of three syllables, to be compress'd
In linked rhyme.—See, here's a milliner,
With an imposing sign. Step in and say:
"I hear your bonnets lauded—make me one."
Next door 's a mantuamaker. "Please to fit
One of your nicest dresses, and receive
My warmest thanks."
Think you they'd be such gulls
As use their thread and needles, time and skill,
And take your admiration for their fee?
"Are poets fools?" you ask. Well, if they are,
I've been the greatest. I've compounded rhymes
These many lustrums for all applicants.
I've put in jeopardy all chance of fame;
I've sate up nights, and risen before the dawn
Rather than disappoint I knew not who.
—Cui bono?—Why, I marvel that my eyes,
Though still unspectacled, are not worn out
With poring o'er localities and names
Scarce legible, save through a microscope;
Letters and syllables alike involv'd,
Like tangled yarn. I cannot think these friends
Design to make me blind, or are in league
With any oculist. Yet if their ink
Were somewhat darker than a pencil mark,
'Twould help the matter much. My muse hath been
A servant of all work for many years,
And now she's tired. Some other hand must help
Our growing family.
Sweet, stranger-friends!
Who over-rate my poor capacities,
Don't take offence or feel yourselves aggriev'd,
If I make no responses. I implore
Forbearance and remission. All I can
I'll gladly render. But my time grows short,
And household-duties often intervene—
For still I place them first, deeming them more
Imperative on woman than the toils
Of intellect; and that to make her home
A comfort to its dwellers, and an aid
On their great journey to a Land of love,
Is her best patriotism and dearest praise.

Hartford, Conn., June 21st, 1861.

THE MURDERER'S ORDEAL.

A CALIFORNIAN'S STORY.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I was always fond of the science of physiognomy. From my youth up, I was noted for my proclivity for reading the character of a man from his face; and I finally became such an adept in the art, that I could occasionally guess the very thoughts of the individual whose countenance I was studying.

Soon after the gold fever broke out, I went to California; and there, I must confess, among what else there was to interest me, I had a grand opportunity for exercising my skill upon all sorts of faces, seen under all sorts of circumstances, from the highest triumph of success to to the deepest despair of failure. I first tried my luck at digging gold myself, but soon tired of that, and believing I could make money faster and with less labor, I opened a kind of grocery and provision store, and went regularly into the business ot trade, buying most of my articles at Sacramento, getting them hauled to my quarters, and disposing of them at a fair advance to the miners and others.

My store, as I dignified my place of trade, consisted of a rude skeleton of poles, with a sufficiency of cheap muslin drawn over them and pinned down to the earth, and was stocked only with the most saleable articles, of which flour, pork and whiskey found the most ready market, especially whiskey. In the dry season it was very dusty, and everybody seemed to be dry with a thirst which mere water would not quench. If a man was successful, he wanted whiskey to bring his body up to the altitude of his spirits; if unsuccessful, he wanted whiskey to bring his spirits up to the altitude of his body; if it chanced to be a little cool, he wanted whiskey to warm him; if it was very hot, he wanted whiskey to cool him; he needed whiskey in the morning to make him bright and active he needed whiskey at night to rest him and make him sleep well; he wanted it when he bought, and when he sold, when he won, and when he lost, when he stood up, and when he sat down: in short, whiskey was the great regulator of all human feelings—the genuine *elixir vitæ*—and consequently I did an immense business in whiskey.

Now this, though somewhat irrelevant, brings me to my story.

My store being the headquarters of that locality for whiskey and provisions, I was brought in contact with nearly every specimen of the *genus homo* that ventured into that region; and such another conglomeration of white, black and red —such another mixture of gentlemen, laborers, mountaineers, gamblers, thieves and assassins—it would be hard to find outside the limits of California. Of course I had a chance to study all sorts of faces to my heart's content; but having, as I have said, become an adept in the art, an ordinary countenance, or a man governed by ordinary passions, whether gentle or brutish, did not interest me. I wanted to get hold of what is termed a character—or one whose external would give no indication of his internal to any but a connoisseur—or one that would really puzzle you to tell what to think of him.

Among the many, such an one I at length found. At first I did not notice him—did not think of him. At a casual glance there was nothing to distinguish him from the herd. He came in quietly, unobtrusively, purchased a quantity of flour, pork and tea, paid for the same in gold dust, and went out about his business. He repeated his visits, at different intervals, perhaps some half-a-dozen times, before he attracted my attention to anything peculiar in his appearance, and then I should have been at a loss to say what I saw more in him at last than at first.

He was apparently about twenty-five years of age, of medium height and slender figure, of a dark complexion, regular features, with dark straight hair, dark eyes, and a beard that covered the lower part of his face—in all of which there was nothing remarkable—nothing striking. He was quiet—not talkative—had nothing to say except about the business he came on—got what he wanted when I was disengaged, paid for what he got like a gentleman, and generally retired with an ordinary "Good day," or some similar civility. And yet, as I have said, he began to attract my attention at last, and I began to wonder why. Was it because he was so quiet, reserved and gentlemanly, and did not purchase whiskey like the rest, and occasionally get excited and boisterous? or was it because there was a something about him I could not readily fathom? At all events, he had begun to interest me in some way; and the very fact, perhaps, that I could not tell how or why, led me into a closer scrutiny, a deeper study, of the man.

After this I prolonged his visits as much as I could without causing him to suspect I did so intentionally. The things he wanted I generally had some trouble in getting, and filled up the interval by remarks about the weather, the country, the mines, the success of some and the failure of others—in a word, anything I could think of to induce conversation, watching him furtively all the while. He answered easily and readily, and yet with that peculiar kind of reserve that was not suggestive, or tending toward familiarity. His replies, however, evinced a man of mind and education, and I began to give him credit for being a thinker—perhaps a practical and selfish dreamer, if I may use a paradoxical term that best expresses my idea.

One day, I scarcely know how, I touched upon the general superstitions of mankind, and to my surprise I saw that at last he was interested. His eye changed expression, and brightened, and emitted a strange and peculiar gleam; and my attention being thus directed to his eye, I now bethought me that I had never seen one exactly like it—one capable of being so apparently open down to the soul while concealing so much. It was off its guard now—the door was really open down to the soul of the man—and I looked in at that door, that opening, *and saw that the soul of that man was a dark one.* A nameless fear came over me—a strange thrill passed through me, like an electric shock—I felt an internal shudder of dread. No wonder I had not been able to read him before: the man had been wearing an impenetrable mask.

I now had the key to the mystery, and to him, and I used it. He was interested in superstitions—he was superstitious himself. Why? Good men may be superstitious—bad men always are, because they carry a hell of wild fancies within them. Thus it was with this man, as I could see by his eye, and I made his fancies work upon him. I told him stories of sorcery, witchcraft and magic—of ghosts, hobgoblins and devils—till he became pale with fear, breathed with compressed lips, and trembled in spite of his great nerve and will.

If good men, as I have said, are sometimes superstitious, why, you ask, did I think this man bad for being superstitious also? First, I answer, because I had accidentally thrown him off his guard and read his soul; and secondly, because he was not naturally nervous and credulous. *Fear* only had made him so; and in one of his iron nature, fear could only arise from the self-convicted knowledge of a past wicked deed. The man was even then a criminal.

But let me hasten to the *denouement.*

It chanced that no other person was present when this conversation occurred about the superstitious fancies of men, and as soon as we were interrupted by the entrance of another customer, my dark visitor left somewhat abruptly. After that he did not come as often as before, and never seemed as much at ease, and never renewed the conversation that had so agitated him, and never, in fact, entered into any other that he could possibly avoid. I kept my thoughts to myself, but made some casual inquiries about him, and learned that he had been so fortunate as to secure a capital "lead," from which, with his partner, another young man, he was taking out gold in quantities that promised to enrich both, and that both had the good will and esteem of all who knew them.

One dark night, about three or four weeks after this, I was startled from my sleep by wild, prolonged shrieks, and cries of—

"Murder! murder! help! help!"

I jumped up, seized my revolvers, and darted out into the open air. The cries and screams still continued, coming from a point on the bend of the river about a hundred rods below. In a minute I was joined by five others, all well armed, and together we ran as hard as we could to the place from which the alarm proceeded. When we arrived there, at least thirty men were collected in and around the tent of the dark man I have been describing, and he himself it was who had given the alarm. His partner and companion had been murdered and robbed, and he himself had been slightly cut across the face and gashed on the left arm, and he was all excitement, lamenting his dearest friend, and vowing vengeance against the assassin. It was some time before we could get at the particulars, and then we learned that both had been sleeping side by side, when an unknown robber had crawled under the light canvas, stabbed one to the heart, and taken a large bag of gold from under his head. With this he was escaping, when the present narrator awoke and seized him, and received the wounds which had compelled him to relinquish his hold. Lights were brought, and there, sure enough, was the bloody confirmation of all that had been related.

I shall make no attempt to portray the intense excitement, the wild rage and consternation, which this daring murder occasioned. Every man felt that, if the assassin escaped without his just punishment, there would no longer be security for any one in our hitherto quiet and peaceful valley, and solemn oaths were taken to hang the wretch, if found, upon the nearest tree. A large reward was offered for his detection, and every gambler that had ever been seen about there was more or less suspected, and I believe that, had any man been arrested on the following day, he would have been hung first and tried afterward. I said less than any, for I had my own suspicions, and I contrived my plot in secret, and made a confidant of no one.

The murdered young man was as decently buried as surrounding circumstances would permit, and his companion, my superstitious friend, grew more moody with grief, refused to work his "lead" any more, and proposed selling off his rocker and tools, and quitting the country altogether. I think he would have gone at once, only that I told him it would not look well to leave without an effort to discover the murderer, as some people might be malicious enough to say he knew something of the matter, and so get him into trouble. He turned very pale, and declared he would stay a year, if he thought by that means he could discover the assassin of his dear, dear friend.

On the second afternoon following the tragedy, almost every individual in the vicinity, the friend of the murdered man among the rest, assembled at my store at my particular request. I had told them I had something to communicate concerning the foul deed, and I thought it not unlikely I should give them some clue to the assassin.

When all had collected, and arranged themselves, as I had directed, in a semi-circle before my door—eager, expectant, excited—I came forward, holding in my hand an egg. Then I made them a short speech on the various superstitions of mankind, which I contended had their origin in mysterious facts revealed from the other world by God's good providence for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty; and, among other things, I mentioned how the ghosts of their victims would often haunt the murderers, compelling them to reveal their crimes—how land and sea had been known to give up their awful secrets—and how it had been asserted, that if the guilty wretch should place his hand upon the body of the man he had secretly slain, the wounds would bleed afresh.

"And now, gentleman," I continued, "I hold in my hand as sure a test as any I have named. This simple egg, so fair to the view, contains the murderer's secret. Let him but take it in his hand, and the frail shell will crumble to pieces and show to all that it is filled with the blood of his victim. You will excuse me, gentlemen, for putting you all to this test. We do not know each other's secrets—the murderer of the young man we buried yesterday may be among us; but only the *guilty* need *fear* the trial—the *innocent* will surely pass the ordeal unharmed."

As I said this, I fixed my gaze upon my dark visitor, my suspected man. I never saw a more wretched and ghastly countenance, nor a greater struggle in any living being to keep a calm and unmoved exterior.

The egg began its round. Some took it gravely, some lightly, some turned slightly pale, and some laughed outright. But on it went, and came nearer and nearer to the man for whom it was intended. I could see that he was trembling—that his very lips were getting white.

"It is your turn now!" I said, at length, in a cold, stern tone.

"Mine?" he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "Why—why—should I—I take it? Poor Wilson was my—my—friend!"

"Let him prove so now!" I said. "All eyes are upon you. Take the ordeal sent by Heaven, and prove your innocence—*if you can!*"

He glanced hurriedly around. All eyes were indeed upon him, and with looks of awakening suspicion. He made one despairing effort to be calm, gulped his breath like one choking, and seized the fatal egg with trembling hands.

The next moment it was crushed in atoms, and his hands were wet and stained as if with human gore.

A wild yell burst from the crowd.

A despairing shriek came from the lips of the guilty wretch; and falling, rather than sinking, down upon his knees, he cried out:

"God of mercy, forgive me! I did kill him! I did kill him! for his gold, his gold! his gold! Oh, cursed gold! Oh, God of Heaven, forgive me!"

"And how many before him?" demanded I.

"Three! three! Oh, God of mercy, forgive me!"

There was another wild yell, or rather howl, of fury—a rush like wolves upon their prey—and the poor wretch was seized, almost torn limb from limb, and dragged furiously away.

In less than ten minutes from his confession, he was dangling from a neighboring tree—swinging by his neck.

So died the murderer, whose name I have suppressed because he had respectable friends who are still living.

I will only add, that, believing him guilty, I had previously prepared the egg, putting red coloring matter in it, expecting to see him crush it through his superstitious fears of a supernatural discovery. They offered me the promised reward for the detection of the murderer—but this I declined. Justice was all I had sought, and this I had obtained.

A BIT OF DIFFERENCE.

No woman who understands herself, ever *appears* to be thinking of her dress after the final private decision of her toilet-glass; (accidents from the hoof of the male creature excepted and accepted; for one bears from a boot, what one resents from a slipper, as all the world knows!) But to return from whence I started; a *man* has no such delicate compunctions about arranging *his* toilette in public. I have seen them in the street deliberately walk up to a window of a looking-glass establishment, and coolly re-tie a cravat, or re-button a waistcoat, or re-twist the dilemma-horn of a moustache, or re-arrange a pet side-lock, or take that general-solemn-overlooking of the whole person, which is so laughably innocent, and out-spokenly funny, in this human bundle of oddities and unreasonablenesses. And how comically will a man meet a strange cigar, and without saying by your leave, borrow celestial fire and pass on, never to see the lender again perhaps—this side a tombstone! How many hooks and eyes I have burst off, laughing at this spectacle! And how cavalierly and sensibly they dismiss a male companion when they get tired of him, or want to read or to sleep, and no offence given or taken either. Good Heavens! how quick a woman would scratch another woman's eyes out for "*slighting* her so!" And how many lies yawning females will tell one another, to avoid this beautiful honesty, and no dust thrown in either pair of eyes after all! the stereotyped Judas-kiss, too—always thrown in after it, at parting!

Fanny Fern.

A Sharp Tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

H. A. G.—What should a woman do whose husband gets drunk and ill-treats her? If he does so habitually, we think she should leave him. It is as wrong to submit to injury as it is to commit injury, and sometimes it is more so. The person who submits to a wrong commits a threefold wrong: first, he wrongs himself; secondly, he wrongs the inflictor of the wrong by encouraging him in his wrong-doing; thirdly, he injures the community by refusing to do his part toward restraining wickedness. We are too apt to think that the duties we owe to ourselves are less sacred and less binding than those which we owe to others. We know several amiable persons who would shudder at the thought of injuring another, yet feel no compunctions when they injure themselves, or permit themselves to be injured. This is wrong. We maintain that a woman owes it to herself, to her husband, to her sex, to the community, to civilization, not to submit to the outrages of a drunken brute. We would not have a woman, nor any other person, resent every petty injury, nor be slow to forgive a repentant sinner, nor lightly dissolve the marriage tie. We merely avow the opinion that no wife ought to bear such wrongs as those of which you complain, namely, the company, the insults and the blows of a drunkard. She ought not to bear *one* blow, unless it is followed by the most prompt and deep penitence; and even in that case she is not bound to live with the man again. Husband and wife are equals. Each owes to the other love and co-operation. Each should be patient and considerate, and willing to bear much for the sake of peace, always remembering that human nature, with all its pride and boasting, is weak, limited and foolish. But a blow is not in the bond, and a habitual drunkard is no longer a man.

Brooklyn.—Precisely when or where coins were first used cannot be ascertained. It is certain that as early as four hundred years before the Christian era, coins were in use all over the civilized world. Every nation had its own coins, specimens of which have been preserved to this day. No coin has been found of an earlier date than eight centuries before Christ. The Chinese claim the invention of coin, but as no Chinese coins have been produced as early, by several centuries, as the oldest Greek coins, historians are accustomed to assign the honor of the invention to the Greeks. The total number of coins of which specimens now exist is two hundred thousand, of which the British Museum contains one hundred and twenty thousand. There is not one collection in the world which contains a specimen of all existing coins, since of many coins but a single specimen has been preserved.

Andover.—The house in which Sir Isaac Newton was born, near Grantham, in Lincolnshire, is in good preservation, and is constantly visited by travellers. It contains the two sun-dials which Newton made when he was a boy, and the room in which he was born is marked by a slab of marble bearing the lines of Pope:

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
> God said, Let Newton be, and all was light."

You will find in any good English guide-book full accounts of such relics, and directions as to the best ways of reaching them. In Europe, houses last so long, that most of the residences of persons famous in history may still be seen. The birth-places of Shakspeare, Burns, Shelley, Bacon, Gibbon, and scores of others, are daily shown.

F. N.—The first notice of the artificial production of an inflammable gas from coal is to be found, as far as we know, in a letter from the Rev. Dr. John Clayton, of Kildare, to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in the year 1691. In this letter, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1738, he states that he distilled coal in a close vessel, and obtained abundance of gas, which he collected in bladders, and afterwards burnt for the amusement of his friends. Other experimenters, among whom Bishop Watson is conspicuous ("Chemical Essays"), confirmed Dr. Clayton's discovery; and the properties of coal gas, and the method of preparing it, thus became well known to chemists.

Providence.—It is unknown who was the inventor of the violin, nor is the date of its invention certain. A recent writer on the subject says that an instrument similar in principle to the violin was known to the ancient East Indians. This is confirmed by the well-known tradition that the violin was brought to Europe by Indian jugglers in the thirteenth century. It was in Italy that the instrument was brought to its present perfection. In fact, the best Italian violins, those of Cremona, have never yet been equalled elsewhere. Good Cremonas of the ancient manufacture are worth from two hundred to a thousand dollars.

Astronomer.—The spots on the sun can be accounted for only by conjecture. Some astronomers have supposed they are planets revolving near the sun. Galileo thought they were islands of ashes floating in the sun's liquid fire. Dr. Wilson supposed them to be vast excavations. The great Herschel, on the contrary, once regarded them as high mountains, and afterwards as vast clouds floating in the sun's peculiar atmosphere. The cause of the spots remains to be discovered. Fifty spots have sometimes been visible on the sun at one time. The largest spot ever seen measured fifty thousand miles in diameter.

Constant Reader says that Fortress Monroe is so called simply because it *is* a fortress, and not a fort. Its walls enclose a space of nearly seventy acres, and it could shelter for a time an army of fifty thousand men. It was one of the fruits of the fortifying mania which prevailed after the war of 1812. That war had found the country completely unprotected, and the country resolved never to be caught so again. Hence this great fortification, which was named after President Monroe.

Yankee.—The commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States is the President. Hence, in the Mexican war, Gen. Scott, though the military superior of Gen. Taylor, exercised over him no authority. Both Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor reported to the Secretary of War, and each had command over his own forces, subject only to the orders of the President. If, however, in the course of the campaign, the two armies had been united, Gen. Scott would have assumed the command of both.

M. L. B.—The seven years' war commenced in 1756, and ended in 1763, and was occasioned by the rapacity of Frederick the Great, who seized the Austrian province of Silesia. France, Russia, Sweden, Saxony, and Austria combined to crush him, and his heroic struggle against such tremendous odds is a sublime exhibition of what a great man is capable of accomplishing under the most gigantic difficulties.

Bella.—You are mistaken. Forks are not of very ancient use, but were probably first used upon the continent of Europe during the fifteenth century. A writer, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, says, "At Venice each person was served, besides his knife and spoon, with a fork to hold the meat while he cuts it, for *there* they deem it ill manners that one should *touch it with his hand.*"

Pendragon.—The poet Tennyson resides in the Isle of Wight. A letter directed to Arthur Tennyson, Isle of Wight, will doubtless reach him. The names Launcelot, Shalott, and others of similar termination, which occur in the poems of Tennyson, are pronounced according to the orthoepy of the English language.

B. H. M.—The duty of a trumpeter in a regiment of cavalry is to blow the trumpet. A regiment of cavalry occupies so large a space that almost all commands are communicated by the trumpet. In action, the trumpeter rides near the colonel and blows whatever signals he directs.

Right or Wrong.—Your conduct was just what it should have been. The man who appeared to insult you did so simply because he was an ignorant boor; and if he had not been, no insult should ever be noticed in the presence of ladies.

Fourth Avenue.—Time is the only cure for the grief caused by the death of friends. Regular employment, good health, good company and reflection may alleviate the pain, but time alone will heal the wound.

Juventus.—According to the census of 1850, the number of newspapers published then in the United States was 1713. The new census will probably show a list of from 2,500 to 3,000.

Tommy.—When the girl you love refuses to write you, we know of no other way but to see her and find out the reason. A few frankly spoken words are better than quires of letters in such cases.

M. H.—A young lady of sixteen is undoubtedly guilty of great imprudence in secretly encouraging the attentions of a young man of whom her parents have expressed their disapprobation.

Longitude.—Greenwich Observatory was built during the reign of Charles II., and the English commenced to compute longitude from the meridian of that place in 1675 or 1679.

John.—It is a difficult matter to say how dyspepsia is most easily cured. Those who have suffered from that disease tell us that a sea voyage is a certain remedy.

Curious.—The invention of billiards is ascribed to a Frenchman named Henrique Devigne, in the year 1571, during the reign of Charles IX.

Wronged Admirer.—You are a foolish, hasty, hotheaded fellow. Just consider the absurdity of your conduct: You visit your sweetheart on a Sunday morning, and are met at the door by that worthy and respectable old gentleman, her father. You enter the parlor and ask him if his daughter is at home. He says, yes, and immediately leaves the room for the purpose, *as you suppose*, of telling his daughter that you have called to see her. He soon returns, having told his daughter so, *as you suppose.* Very well, sir, you wait an hour and a half, and yet she comes not; the old gentleman conversing with you all the time in the most friendly way. At length, you venture to ask him whether his daughter is coming. Again he leaves the room; again returns. He tells you that his daughter and her mother have just gone to church, and asks you to call again in the afternoon. You make him a reply that was scarcely civil, and rush from the house boiling with fury. Arrived at your room, you sit down and write the young lady a letter of indignant remonstrance, and send back to her her letters and all the tokens of affection you had ever received from her. You never stopped to think that *possibly* she had not received your message; that the old gentleman *might* have bawled it from the bottom of the stairs and she not heard it, or had told some one to tell her you were in the parlor who had forgotten to convey the message to her. Justly offended at your insulting letter, she writes you an indignant reply. Yet she tells you plainly and positively, that she did not receive word that you had called. What do you do next? Write her a gentlemanly apology for your stupid haste? By no means. You add injury to insult; you have the meanness to doubt her word; you stoop to assert that she *did* know you were in the parlor, and actually look to *her* for an apology. Sir, you are all in the wrong. You have grossly insulted that young lady, and the sooner you atone for it the better.

Histoire.—Your mistake arises from the fact that there have been *two* "pretenders" to the throne of England instead of one. The first, James Frederick Edward Stuart, son of James II., appeared in 1705 during the reign of George I., but owing in a great measure to his own apathy and pusillanimity, effected nothing whatever. His son, Charles Edward Louis Philippe Casimer Stuart, landed in Scotland, with only seven followers, in 1745, during the reign of George II. He soon collected an army of five thousand men, advanced into England, was obliged to retreat, was totally defeated at the battle of Culloden; and after wandering about in Scotland in the disguise of a female servant, finally escaped into France.

Nellie "would like to know why the vulgar epithet of 'blue stocking' is applied to literary ladies." The term was first applied to a society which existed in the reign of George III., composed of literary persons of both sexes. One of the most active promoters of the society was Benjamin Stillingfleet, who always wore blue worsted stockings, from which fact the name was bestowed upon the society. The beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Jerningham is said to have also worn blue stockings at parties at which literary characters were accustomed to assemble; and this peculiarity tended to fasten the name upon women intellectually accomplished.

J. F. M.—The Jacobins of the French revolution originated from a secret organization of about forty men of letters, who met together principally to discuss the political questions which were then convulsing the nation, in order that its members in the National Assembly might act together. They received the appellation of Jacobins from their meeting in the hall of the Jacobin friars at Paris. Being determined enemies of the monarchy and aristocracy, its members became popular with the people, similar societies were formed throughout France, and finally the revolutionists all took the name of Jacobins.

Well Wisher.—Coal fires and gas light are not considered sufficiently "unhealthy" to occasion any perceptible ill effects upon those who use them.——The orthography of the English language could be much simplified by the addition of new letters to the alphabet, representing each of those elementary sounds now without any letter to represent it exclusively.——The rate of travel on English railroads is said to be no greater than that on our best-managed railroads, and the loss of life on the latter is said to be no greater than it is on the former.

Nellie G.—Before attempting to send anything to your friend in the army, you should ascertain precisely where his regiment is stationed. This you can probably do by diligent inquiry in your neighborhood, as somebody having friends in the same regiment will be pretty apt to know where it is. At this time, however, there is no certainty that any regiment will remain twenty-four hours in any one place; so, after doing your best, you must be prepared to learn that your package did not reach the person to whom it was sent.

Augur.—In Palestine, to this day, there are no roads for vehicles. Some traces remain of the roads constructed by the Romans, but they are not in a state to be used. This is the only one of your questions that admits of a positive answer. We are not prophets to foretell the future, but unless travellers are mistaken, Palestine is capable of sustaining a large population. Dr. Robinson, the American traveller, bears the most explicit testimony to the fertility of the soil. He says that Palestine is as productive, naturally, as England.

Hymen.—The term honeymoon is said to be of Teutonic origin, and to have arisen from an ancient custom of drinking after a wedding of diluted honey as a beverage for thirty days, or the length of time from the appearance of the moon to its re-appearance. Hence that period of time was termed the *honey moon.*

J. W. B.—If a volunteer should make it apparent to the proper officer, (which he might do through the colonel of his regiment, or perhaps the captain of his company,) that he was so defective in eyesight as to be comparatively useless as a soldier, it is probable that he would be discharged.

Crusade.—"Peter the Hermit" was a French military officer at Amiens before turning pilgrim and making his journey to the Holy Land; his full name was Peter Gautier. The first crusade took place in the year 1096; the second in 1147; the third in 1190; the fourth in 1202, and the fifth in 1217.

Parisian.—The Bastile was commenced by Charles V. of France, in 1369, and completed in 1383, being designed for the defence of Paris. It was at first a royal castle, but was afterwards used as a state prison, and was destroyed by the populace on July 14, 1789, at the commencement of the French revolution.

G. J. F.—Yes, the letter "J" was formerly represented by the same character as that which was employed to denote the letter I; the present form of the letter J is said to have been introduced into the alphabet by a printer at Paris, named Giles Beys, in 1660.

J. B. E.—The city of Baltimore, Md., was founded in 1729, and was named after Lord Baltimore, the proprietor of the Maryland patent, or grant of land including the whole of the territory then designated Maryland. It was chartered as a city in 1797.

W. H. H.—The Bank of England was established in the year 1694, during the reign of William and Mary. Its capital was at that time 1,200,000 pounds. When the bank first went into operation its bills were at a discount of 20 per cent., and in 1745 were still below par.

Orville.—The ways of women are inscrutable to inexperienced youth. They often seem offended when they are most pleased, and are sometimes deeply disgusted when their lovely countenances are clothed with smiles. All that can be said to you is: Live and learn.

Laurens.—Prince Napoleon is the son of Jerome Bonaparte, and was born at Trieste in 1822. His mother was Frederica, daughter of the King of Wurtemburg. He was formerly a republican, and was a member of the French National Assembly of 1848.

Bibliotheque.—The gospels of Mathew and Mark were written A. D. 44; that of Luke in 55, and that of John in 97. There are many scholars who think, with you, that Luke's gospel is better written than any of the others.

Commercial.—The Merchants' Exchange in Wall street was commenced in 1836, and finished in 1840. It cost $1,800,000, and stands upon the site of the old one which was destroyed by the great fire of the sixteenth of December, 1835.

E. W. B.—The title of general has been applied to military commanders from very remote times, but it is said that the word *generalissimo* was coined by the Cardinal Richelieu on taking command of the French armies in Italy.

L. L. C.—1. In one hundred pounds of sea-water there are about three pounds of salt. 2. The depth of the Baltic Sea, at its deepest part, is 1100 feet. 3. The depth of the Arctic ocean was found by Dr. Kane to be 1900 fathoms.

German.—The whole number of volcanoes known, including the extinct and the active, is 407; but there are probably twice as many that have escaped the notice of explorers. The number of active volcanoes known is 225.

M. N.—It is probable enough that some of the scenes in David Copperfield were suggested by the experience of the author. Mr. Dickens was a reporter for a short time for a London newspaper.

Military.—Chain-shot were invented by the Dutch Admiral De Witt, in 1666, for the purpose of destroying the masts and rigging of the enemy's ships.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our ne*